

THE ECLECTIC REVIEW,

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1815.

Art. I. *The Journal of a Mission to the Interior of Africa, in the Year 1805.* By Mungo Park. Together with other Documents, official and private, relating to the same Mission. To which is prefixed an Account of the Life of Mr. Park. 4to. pp. 350. Price 1l. 11s. 6d. Murray. 1815.

UNMINGLED regret, it might easily be supposed, would be the only sentiment in the civilized world, for the fate of this traveller. Yet a little reflection induces us to believe that the event may have imparted much gratification to a few persons in this country, and to many in other countries. It may well be believed, and indeed would be idle to doubt, that in a great rival nation, as ambitious of superiority in adventure and discovery as in arms, many cultivated men have enough of the meanness of patriotism, to be glad of the failure, even by a tragical catastrophe, of an enterprise, the success of which would have made so very signal an addition to the already established pre-eminence of the English in the recent achievements of discovery. They will be glad that it is not yet certain that the darkest of unknown regions is to be revealed by an Englishman.

Even in England there may be persons who feel quite as much complacency as regret at the fatal frustration of Park's last grand enterprise. There cannot fail to be in the nation some ardent youthful spirits, stung by the ambition (and ambition is essentially and infinitely selfish) to distinguish themselves as the explorers of the unknown tracts of the earth. To some of these aspirants central Africa is likely to be an object of the most covetous enthusiasm. They will often glance with an impassioned eye over the map, in which the most presumptuous

geographers have been forced to leave that region blank; they will exult to see the acknowledgement so implied; will be glad that thus far climate, barbarism, or death, has kept one vast domain totally sacred from all intrusion, a scene for discoveries that even conjecture dares not anticipate; and will sometimes venture to assume, with a kind of fierce emotion, that that immense unknown track is destined to open its darkness to their victorious invasion. This, in a considerable measure, was what the last enterprise of Park threatened to accomplish; and had he accomplished it, he would have left hardly the possibility to any other adventurer of an achievement of equal splendour. It is very possible that, perceiving this, there are some minds that are pleased the great exploit remains yet to be performed, and therefore are not, on the whole, sorry for the fate of the man who seemed so much nearer than any other man to condemning all competitors and successors to subordinate honours.

It is difficult for imagination to conceive a project of a more commanding, or, to a daring and contemplative spirit, a more attractive aspect, than that which Park returned to Africa resolved to execute, or perish in the attempt. It was perfectly new, and it was vast, to sublimity. It combined, in a singular manner, a definiteness of principle with a boundlessness of scope. Nothing could be more precise than the law of its execution, to follow with undeviating fidelity the course—indeed to go with the stream—of a noble river, the direction of which had been perfectly ascertained, to a great distance, by the traveller himself; but then, no man could tell him whither this river was to carry him, in what wilderness of lakes or sands it might desert him, or into what ocean it might with the pride of accumulated waters bear him down. On any hypothesis, immensity of scene was before him. If, like a mysterious spectre, leading by irresistible fascination, to vanish at last from the charmed pursuer in some remote and strange situation, this river should take him to the very central depth of the continent, and there losing its current, abandon him to look round on an unmeasured extent of unknown territory, and deliberate doubtfully on the possibility of ever making his way to its limit on any side, through deserts and barbarous tribes,—he would be almost in the state of a man thrown on another planet. If there were any possibility that the Niger might at last prove to be the Nile, the enterprise would have a character of magnitude quite stupendous, and harmonizing well with that of the temples and the pyramids, which he might be sure that no contemplative beholder had ever arrived at by so marvellous a journey, or with a more elated consciousness of heroic adventure. Or if, according to his own expectation, this mysterious stream should be found, at a remote distance in the interior, to turn to the south, directly

transverse the torrid zone, and bring him out into the Atlantic Ocean beyond the equator,—in that case, besides verifying a favourite speculation, besides pervading the profoundest obscure of that forbidding continent, and surveying scenes which no civilized human being had ever looked on before, he might expect, in approaching the *Montes Lunæ*, or Mountains of Kumri, and passing through a labyrinth of awful chasms among them, to behold some of the grandest appearances on the globe. And all the while, the peculiar circumstance of seeking an unknown outlet instead of an unknown source, would give the high advantage of having the stream growing more magnificent, of having an augmenting majesty and tumult, and as it were triumph of waters, instead of tracing out a stream fast shrinking into insignificance, and sometimes involving the explorer in a perplexity arising from several confluent brooks of apparently equal pretensions.

Such, in its combination of certainties and uncertainties, is the splendid and romantic project which Park was NOT appointed to accomplish, and which remains for some more favoured, though certainly not more courageous and persevering mortal;—for in this respect it may very safely be asserted that Park displayed the utmost of which man is capable. It may be that the appointed hero is already beginning to be absorbed in wild and undefined imaginations and purposes of enterprise; or possibly his infantile projects do not yet aim far beyond the rivulet or wood within sight of the paternal residence. Whoever he may be, he will have to consent to some tributary deduction from his honours (a deduction which, if he is a worthy rival of Park's moral dispositions, he will most cheerfully yield) in acknowledgements to the memory of Park, for the incalculable advantages furnished in aid of the enterprise by Park's discoveries and instructive experience.

A very great share of public interest attached to him in his departure for his last perilous undertaking; and it was not till long after any period within which, in the event of his success, we ought to have received him back, or received some satisfactory explanation of causes delaying his return, that his friends and the public could submit to be convinced of a fatal termination. But all doubt being now past, indeed for a great while back, it is with propriety that the very imperfect information possessed,—all that is likely ever to be obtained,—should be given to the public, and given in a mode calculated to serve in some degree the interests of Mr. Park's family. This consideration will most entirely preclude any ungracious remark on the price of the volume, as compared with the quantity of its contents; especially when it is understood that the publisher has acted (though no particulars are stated) in a highly liberal

manner on the occasion. It is fair also to say that, considering the large and handsome map, the volume is not dearer than many that are continually coming before us. We presume there will shortly be an edition in octavo.

The publication takes place under the direction of the African Institution, and comprises a memoir of the life of Park—a brief journal which was transmitted by Park officially to the Secretary of State, detailing the events of the expedition as far as Sansanding, as advanced a position, within a trifle, on the Niger, as he had reached in his former journey—a journal of Isaaco, the native African, a Mandingo priest, who had acted as Park's guide to Sansanding, and was sent, in 1810, by the governor of Senegal, to ascertain the traveller's fate—several private letters of Park, written during the expedition—and an appendix of geographical discussions.

The biographical portion of the volume, forming nearly a third part of it, is by an unavowed author, and is distinguished by intelligence, clearness, and unaffectedness. As there was very little for record in the life of Park, besides the facts connected with his two grand undertakings, it was inevitable for the memoir to turn very much on his history as a traveller; but that history is epitomized and commented on in so very judicious and compressed a manner, that every reader will regard this brief and lucid review, with its collateral discussions, as a valuable addition to the journals themselves.

It is not generally known, nor would be supposed, that Park was hardly twenty-four years old at the time he entered the Gambia, as the commencement of his first great enterprise. He was born near Selkirk, on the 10th of September, 1771. His father, a farmer, was, it seems, remarkably exemplary, even among his countrymen of North Britain, for his attention to the education of his numerous family. Mungo was distinguished from childhood by his love of books and his indefatigable application. His father designed him for the Scottish Church, but acquiesced in his own ultimate choice of the medical profession, in pursuance of which he was apprenticed to a respectable surgeon with whom he resided several years, still applying a portion of his time to classical studies, from which he passed in due time to the medical course in the University of Edinburgh. He then went, in search of employment, to London, where, by means of an excellent and scientific friend and relative, he was introduced to Sir Joseph Banks, through whose interest he obtained the appointment of assistant surgeon to the Worcester East Indiaman, in which he sailed for Bencoolen in Sumatra, in February, 1792. On his return he was received with great kindness by Sir J. Banks, who was one

of the most active and leading members of the African Association, which had been formed in 1788, for the purpose of promoting discoveries in the Interior of Africa, and was just at this time looking out for a man to supply the place of Major Houghton, who had perished at a far inland part of that continent, in the endeavour to execute his commission to 'explore the course of the Niger, and to penetrate, if possible, to Tombuctoo and Houssa.' Under the grave and regular exterior of his character, Park had a passion for bold adventure, which had been waiting for a decided direction and a great occasion. This attempt on Africa was probably one of the first things presented to his imagination on his return, and as soon might fire and sulphur have come together without effect.

'There was nothing in Park's previous studies which had particularly led him towards geographical pursuits; but he had a general passion for travelling; he was in the full vigour of life; his constitution had been in some degree inured to hot climates; he saw the opportunities which a new country would afford for indulging his taste for Natural History: nor was he insensible to the distinction which was likely to result from any great discoveries in African geography. Having fully informed himself as to what was expected by the Association, he eagerly offered himself for the service; and after some previous enquiry into his qualifications, the offer was readily accepted.' p. x.

His return to England was about the end of the year 1797, and his account of his travels was published in the Spring of 1799. After stating in a clear and summary manner the account of Park's discoveries, and assigning to him a very high rank, on every account, among the persons who have enlarged our knowledge of the earth, the biographer adverts with regret 'to two circumstances unfavourable to his memory, connected with the history of the publication of his book; 1st. an opinion which has prevailed that Park was a supporter of the cause of Slavery, and an enemy to the Abolition of the African Slave Trade; and 2ndly, a report, equally current, that the Travels, of which he was the professed author, were composed, not by Park, but in a very considerable degree by Mr. Bryan Edwards.' There is a very sensible and honest discussion, at considerable length, of these imputations. The result is a conclusion, not at all a doubtful one, that the actual composition of the book was in a great measure the work of Mr. Edwards; and that he did, by the weight of his acknowledged ability and character, his activity and consequence in the affairs of the African Association, and his friendly attention to Park, then so young a man, exert a certain influence over his sense of duty with respect to the question of the Slave

Trade, to the extent of persuading or beguiling him to allow in his book a mode of expression and implication capable of being quoted with complacency and even triumph by the opponents of the Abolition, even while his relation of facts, which he could not suffer to be perverted, was cited with great confidence and effect by its advocates, and while his opinions, according to the assurances subsequently given to the biographer by persons intimately acquainted with them, were decidedly hostile to the Slave Trade. The biographer observes, as if in exculpation of Mr. Edwards, that probably his influence and management were not exerted to a greater extent than would ordinarily be done, in equivalent circumstances, without consciousness of improbity, by the strenuous partisans of any cause. It may be so; but then so much the worse for human nature.

The statement in apology for Park himself, may properly be quoted.

‘The fair result of the foregoing inquiry, relative to Park’s opinions with regard to the Abolition, appears to be shortly this; that he was at no time the friend or deliberate advocate of the Slave Trade; but that his respect and deference for Mr. Edwards led him, in a certain degree, to sacrifice his own opinions and feelings upon that subject; and that he became, perhaps almost unconsciously, the supporter of a cause of which he disapproved. That he should have been under any temptation to suppress or soften any important opinion, or to deviate in any respect from that ingenuousness and good faith which naturally belonged to his character, is a circumstance which cannot be sufficiently lamented. But if there are any who feel disposed to pass a very severe censure upon Park’s conduct, let his situation at the time he was preparing his *Travels* for the press be fairly considered. He was then a young man, inexperienced in literary composition, and in a great measure dependent, as to the prospects of his future life, upon the success of his intended publication. His friend and adviser, Mr. Edwards, was a man of letters and of the world, who held a distinguished place in society, and was, besides, a leading member of the African Association, to which Park owed every thing, and with which his fate and fortunes were still intimately connected. It is difficult to estimate the degree of authority with which a person possessing these advantages, and of a strong and decisive character, must necessarily have had over the mind of a young man in the situation which has now been described. Suggestions coming from such a quarter, must have been almost equivalent to commands; and instead of animadverting very severely on the extent of Park’s compliances, we ought perhaps rather to be surprised, that more was not yielded to an influence which must have been nearly unlimited.’ p. xxvi.

Though the inconceivable toils, hardships, and perils, of the first expedition, had not worked, perhaps even in the smallest de-

gree, the spirit of adventure out of Park's constitution, he suffered himself to fall for a while into the quiet course of ordinary life. After the publication of his book, he married in the summer of 1799; though at some part of the same year he appears to have had an ineffectual negotiation with government relative to some public appointment in the colony of New South Wales; and a letter in the following year, to Sir J. Banks, shews he was vigilantly waiting for an opportunity to throw himself into pursuits the most widely erratic from the little orbit of a domestic and professional life. It was under all the unfavourable influences of such indulged imaginations that, in the autumn of 1801, he took a residence at Peebles, for the purpose of practising in his profession as a surgeon. In this situation and employment, however, he had acquitted himself with diligence, and an exemplary attention and kindness to the poor, for about two years, 'when he received a letter addressed to him from the office of the Colonial Secretary of State, desiring his attendance without delay.' Another attempt on the Interior of Africa had been resolved on; and 'the principal details of the intended expedition had been fully considered, and in a great measure arranged, before the application was made to him.' Some little civility was to be observed (and indeed the kindness of his nature would make it somewhat more than civility) in consulting his friends, and for that purpose he returned to Scotland after the interview with the Secretary; but his determination was taken.

'The object of his ambition was now within his grasp. He hastily announced to Lord Hobart his acceptance of the proposal; employed a few days in settling his affairs and taking leave of his friends, and left Scotland in December, 1803, with the confident expectation of embarking in a very short time for the coast of Africa. But many delays were yet to take place previously to his final departure.'

The termination of Mr. Addington's ministry threw all into uncertainty, the expedition was suddenly countermanded at Portsmouth after part of the troops destined for the service were actually on board, and Park was informed there would be no possibility of sailing before September, 1804. As we are prepared by the melancholy event to regard him, from the outset, as a lost man, to whom, unhappily, the greater or less degree of accomplishment for his undertaking was in fact of little consequence, there is no satisfaction in saying what beneficial consequences might otherwise have resulted from this mortifying delay, which afforded him time to make a very considerable proficiency in the Arabic language under the instruction of a native of Mogadore, then in London, whom he

took with him to Scotland for this purpose. During the same interval he employed himself with great diligence in acquiring a familiar use of astronomical instruments.

He drew up, at the desire of Lord Camden, then become the Colonial Secretary, a memoir explanatory of his own conceptions of the most effectual mode of executing the project of which the general lines were indicated to him, of his estimates of the prerequisite means and appointments, and of his expectations as to the geographical course and termination of the adventure. The last part is particularly interesting, by the confidence with which he avows, and the very strong reasons by which he justifies, his anticipation that the Niger would be found to run at length to the south, and discharge itself into the Atlantic Ocean; that in fact it would prove to be the river slightly known, and not in the least celebrated, under the name of the Zaire, or Congo; one of the grandest rivers, nevertheless, in the world, as he brings testimony to prove. It was most necessary that the reasons for expecting such a direction and termination of the river should be strong, as his hopes of ultimate safety and success rested almost wholly on this presumption. We transcribe his own words.

‘To return by the Niger to the westward, [in the event of the river losing itself in the central lakes or sands of the continent,] he apprehends would be impossible: to proceed to the northward equally so; and to travel through Abyssinia extremely dangerous. The only remaining route that holds out any hopes of success, is that towards the *Bight of Guinea*. If the river should take a southerly direction, Mr. P. would consider it as his duty to follow it to its termination; and if it should happily prove to be the river Congo, would there embark with the troops and negroes on board a slave vessel, and return to England from St. Helena, or by way of the West Indies.’

He justly regretted having to expend in England so much of the patience he was sure to have occasion enough for in Africa. Month after month the expedition was detained, after all its arrangements, practicable in England, were determined, and might have been executed in a trifle of time. What Park felt at this delay was something very different from the mere fretfulness of an eager man, and the delay itself was much more, as the event proved, than simply so much loss of time.

‘It was to be expected that the mission might be sent out immediately, or with very little delay. This, indeed, was an object of great importance, considering the advanced time of the year; it being obvious that if the expedition should be detained for any considerable time, it might have the effect of postponing the journey into the interior to the period of the rainy season, and thus, perhaps,

of rendering the whole plan abortive. Fully aware of this danger, Park was anxious and earnest to obtain the necessary orders from the several public departments. But, partly from unforeseen circumstances, and partly from official forms and the pressure of business deemed of greater importance, he was destined to experience a long succession of delays; which, though certainly unintentional, and perhaps in some degree unavoidable, were ultimately productive of very unfortunate results. Nor was it till after waiting two months, (a period of great uneasiness and mortification,) that he received his official instructions; after which nearly another month elapsed before he could set sail from England.' p. liii.

By the time the reader is informed of the ultimate consequences of these delays, he will think the language here employed in recording it, and partly suggesting an explanation of it, marvellously forbearing. But certainly any other than such a language is rendered quite unnecessary by a few sentences in a letter of Park himself to that same noble Secretary of State, written at Sansanding, the last place whence any communication was received from him, not in a querulous strain, but doubtless with certain deep and most im-bittered feelings and recollections,—which, however, the receiver might not deem it any part of his official duty to understand.

'Your Lordship will recollect that I always spoke of the rainy season with horror, as being extremely fatal to Europeans; and our journey from the Gambia to the Niger will furnish a melancholy proof of it. We had no contest whatever with the natives, nor was any one of us killed by wild animals, or any other accident; and yet I am sorry to say that of forty-four Europeans who left the Gambia in perfect health, five only are at present alive, viz. three soldiers, (one deranged in his mind,) Lieutenant Martyn, and myself.' p. lxxx.

On the 30th of January, 1805, Park sailed from Portsmouth, accompanied by his brother-in-law Mr. Alex. Anderson, Mr. Scott, appointed draughtsman to the expedition, and four or five artificers from the dock-yards. He was to touch at St. Jago, one of the Cape Verd Islands, to purchase asses, and then proceeding to Goree, he was empowered to enlist for the expedition any number, not exceeding forty-five, of the garrison of that place. For the purpose of due authority he had the brevet commission of captain in Africa, and Mr. Anderson that of lieutenant. A short series of Park's letters is given, to carry the narrative forward to the arrival at Kayee, that station on the Gambia whence the expedition was to proceed by land to the Niger. Unless our memory deceives us, no reason is intimated for his not retaining of the men in his

service considerably further up, to Fattatenda, which is the place named for debarkation in his sketch of the project, and which he states to be five hundred miles up the Gambia. We observe that the course of this river, as laid down in the large map at the beginning of the volume, comes very nearly in contact with the route by land at the distance of about another five hundred miles inland, at a point little short of half way to that where the expedition fell in with the Niger; indeed the journal mentions this approximation to have been within eight miles. In any future project of a similar kind this circumstance will come into view, under a question of what is the greatest advantage possible to be taken of this important stream. In Africa, beyond all other parts of the world, water extorts so exorbitant a tribute of respect, and so nearly approaching to worship, that it may very fairly, in return, have its utmost faculties of utility put in requisition.

The letters written just previously to the commencement of the journey over land, are marked by expressions of a confidence of which it is impossible to know how frequent or how long were the intermitting moments; and which was avowedly founded on what proved a very mistaken calculation of the length of time in which it would be practicable to reach the Niger, and an equally erroneous estimate of the Goree troops composing the substance of the expedition. He thus writes from Kayee, on the day preceding that of his setting forward.

‘Every thing at present looks as favourable as I could wish, and if all things go well, *this day six weeks* I expect to drink all your healths in the water of the Niger. The soldiers are in good health and spirits. They are the most *dashing* men I ever saw; and if they preserve their health, we may keep ourselves perfectly secure from any hostile attempt on the part of the natives. I have little doubt but that I shall be able, with presents and fair words, to pass through the country to the Niger: and if once we are fairly a float, *the day is won.*’ p. lxiii.

This letter is dated April 26th, and it was not till the 19th of August that he came once more in sight of the Niger. As to the quality of the troops, we are reduced to take as authority the judgement which the biographer appears to found on special information.

‘It was not to be expected that troops of a very superior quality could be furnished from a regiment which had been serving for any considerable time at a tropical station such as Goree. But there is too much reason to believe that the men selected on the present occasion, notwithstanding the favourable opinion of

them expressed by Park, and although they were the best that the garrison could supply, were below the ordinary standard even of troops of this description; and that they were extremely deficient both in constitutional strength and vigour, and in those habits of sobriety, steadiness, and good discipline, which such a service peculiarly required.

‘But besides the indifferent quality of the troops, there was another and more serious cause of alarm. Park was about to enter on this expedition, not actually during the rainy season, but with a great probability of being overtaken by it in the course of his journey; and with a positive certainty of encountering in the mean time, not only the great tropical heats, but also the *tornadoes*, or hurricanes, which always precede and follow the rainy season. These hurricanes, of which no idea can be formed from the experience of our temperate climates, occur more frequently, and with more violence, as the rainy season approaches; and are attended with considerable inconvenience, and occasionally with danger, to caravans travelling at that season.’

It is observed by the biographer that, though deceived in the quality of his troops, Park had infallible certainty as to the approach of the rainy season; but, in a very few words, the case is forcibly stated in excuse, or rather in vindication, of his decision to risk the perils of an immediate prosecution of the enterprise, in preference to remaining seven months inactive on the coast in order to be quite clear of the rainy season. It is in vain to lament that he could not think himself justifiable in suffering such a delay to be interposed.

The first days, and even hours, of the journey by land, afforded them some little experience of difficulties which were to thicken on them as they advanced; especially with respect to the asses, which had not, it seems, been accustomed to burdens. On one of the days, within about a week of their departure from Kayee, it was by a great and fatiguing exertion that they cleared eight miles. ‘Many of the asses lay down on the road; others kicked off their bundles.’

At Jindey Mr. P. took an opportunity of informing himself, by an inspection of all its stages, of the whole process of dyeing cotton of a fine blue colour with the leaves of the indigo plant. At Madina, the capital of the kingdom of Woolli, he had to encounter the shameless extortion of his Majesty, and his court, consisting of a crew of princes and ministers, and including even a personage called ‘the King’s chief Slave;’ to all of whom presents were to be made, or rather direct duties, of arbitrary and authoritative imposition, were to be paid. Nothing is more earnestly desired by the reader, at almost every stage, and nothing appears more evidently and absolutely indispensable in any future expe-

dition of similar object, than an imposing military force, of perhaps several hundred men, which should empower the leader to meet all these royal and subaltern rascals with an aspect and tone of confidence justified by what shall appeal directly to their senses. He might then repel with scorn their arrogant demands, if they presumed to make any such, and give a character of voluntariness and dignity to such presents, concessions, or compromises, as he might judge it prudent to make. The insolence and exaction experienced by Park in this early stage, and from one of the inferior of the petty sovereigns, affords a quite sufficient commentary on his opinion, as quoted above from a letter written at Kayee: 'If the soldiers preserve their health we may keep ourselves perfectly secure from any hostile attempt on the part of the natives.' A force that would not suffice, by its very appearance, to repress the undisguised and fearless wantonness of rapacity, could afford no security to life itself; no security against direct violence; besides that, in a very long inland adventure, a continued series of extortions and depredations must come in the end to the same fatal result as direct hostility, by despoiling the travellers of the means of traffic and subsistence. If we could read this journal unapprised that all the Author's wants terminated soon after the date of its conclusion, we should feel great solicitude and alarm at the idea of the state of destitution to which, at this rate, he would be likely to be reduced about the time of his reaching the remotest distance from the ocean and all resources. Never, then, let another explorer of the interior of Africa be put at the mercy of the barbarous chieftains, and their gangs, and their hordes, especially the Mahomedans. Let the successor of Park have to shew such a plentiful quantity of steel, and fire, and intrepid European visages, that the dastard shall uniformly get uppermost in the spirits of all these Moorish miscreants; an effect which is sure to follow from a proper demonstration; for there is nothing in which these true believers so little resemble the first followers of the Prophet, as in the intrepidity which becomes but the more elated at menace and danger.

It was far enough from being the shreds of royalty alone that thought themselves entitled to treat the party with insolence. Long before Mr. P. had reached the metropolitan city of Madina, he had been intercepted by a little drunken Slatee* of a village, with an interdiction of his progress till

* This denomination, of so frequent occurrence in Park's narrations, is explained—a 'free black merchant, often a trader in slaves.'

payment of a certain exorbitant impost, the partial remission of which was not obtained without an irksome dispute and negotiation.

A few stages forward from Madina there was an amusing but somewhat mortifying contest for water, at the well of a village, where the women had determined they should have none without paying for it, and had been many hours labouring with their calabashes to exhaust the well. By a little stratagem the soldiers at last secured as much as was wanted. At the next village they had nearly got into a quarrel with the chief man, by plucking and eating some fruit from trees on which a *toong*, a kind of magical spell, was permanently put till there should be a famine of the other kinds of subsistence. On the 15th of May they touched the Gambia, for the last time, at a place where it 'swarmed with crocodiles.' 'I counted,' says Mr. P. 'at one time, thirteen of them ranged along shore, and three hippopotami. The latter feed only during the night, and seldom leave the water during the day; they walk on the bottom of the river, and seldom shew more of themselves above water than their heads.'

At Bady, the residence of a chief who affects a kind of independence of 'his Sovereign,' as the fashionable phrase is, the party were very near being forced into direct hostility, by this fellow's seizing first the guide's horse, and then the guide himself, with a confident defying insolence, which, in shewing how little he dreaded our traveller's escort, gave nearly the true estimate of the practical value of so slender a force for such an expedition.

Traces of the frequentation of elephants and lions were obvious in various places; but these were comparatively harmless foes; a much more efficient kind of enemy was awaiting the arrival of the caravan at a creek near Doofroo.

'We had no sooner unloaded the asses at the Creek, than some of Isaaco's people, being in search of honey, unfortunately disturbed a large swarm of bees near where the coflee had halted. The bees came out in immense numbers, and attacked men and beasts at the same time. Luckily most of the asses were loose, and galloped up the valley: but the horses and people were very much stung, and obliged to scamper in all directions. The fire which had been kindled for cooking being deserted, spread, and set fire to the bamboos; and our baggage had like to have been burnt. In fact, for half an hour the bees seemed to have completely put an end to our journey. In the evening, when they became less troublesome, and we could venture to collect our cattle, we found that many of them were very much stung and swelled about the head. Three asses were missing;

one died in the evening, and one next morning; and we were forced to leave one at Sibikillin; in all six: besides which, our guide lost his horse, and many of the people were very much stung about the face and hands.' p. 37.

But man, after all, *man*, is worse than all other plagues. Our Author's next rencounter was with another villain of a chief, of the name of Mansa Kussan, whose rapacity wanted but just a trifle more power to have put an end to the expedition at once, without even so much delay as was required for the piece of hypocrisy which he amused himself by playing off on the traveller.

The asses were fast wearing out, and one or two men had died, victims, apparently, of the fatigue and the climate, before the commencement of the rains, of the near approach of which the party began to have the most unequivocal omens, especially a quick succession of tornadoes, with thunder and lightning. The presages conveyed in the effects of the one which happened at the time of the arrival at Shrono, were of a nature to alarm and even appal, at such a stage of such an enterprise, the most sanguine and intrepid adventurer.

'The tornado which took place on our arrival, had an instant effect on the health of the soldiers, and proved to us to be the *beginning of sorrow*. I had proudly flattered myself that we should reach the Niger with a very moderate loss; we had had two men sick of the dysentery; one of them recovered completely on the march, and the other would doubtless have recovered had he not been wet with the rain at Baniserile. But now the rain had set in, and I trembled to think that we were only half way through our journey. The rain had not commenced three minutes before many of the soldiers were affected with vomiting; others fell asleep and seemed as if half intoxicated. I felt a strong inclination to sleep during the storm; and as soon as it was over I fell asleep on the wet ground, although I used every exertion to keep myself awake. The soldiers likewise fell asleep on the wet bundles.'

'Twelve soldiers sick,' is the entry immediately ensuing in the journal to this statement.

In a meadow near Shrono, there are a great number of pits dug, like wells, for the purpose of obtaining gold, some particles of which Park saw detected, by a quick washing process which he describes, in some handfulls of gravel dug from one of these pits. The particles were minute, but the woman whom he hired to make this experiment for him, assured him, and he does not intimate his disbelief, that 'they sometimes found pieces of gold as large as her fist.'—Advancing to Dindiko, they found themselves in a scene highly

cultivated and 'romantic,' says Mr. P. 'beyond every thing I ever saw.' But its captivations must have been nearly lost on the harassed and anxious travellers, one half of whom were now either sick of the fever, or in a state so debilitated as to be incapable of the exertion necessary for attending to the asses. An exceedingly disproportionate share, therefore, of this and every other employment, fell on the rest, and above all on the leader himself, whose physical vigour, as well as his energy of mind, clearly did surpass, by very many degrees, that of any other European of the party.

From this middle point in the narration quite to the end, there is an almost unintermitted series of distressing accounts of sickness. All the way the men were gradually falling behind and dying. Park very properly marched in the rear of the caravan; and nothing was more common than for him to find one or other of his men lying in the way, under some tree, incapable of being held any longer by his feeble companions on the back of one of the asses, and requesting to be left to die. In some instances Park, by a great and fatiguing effort, would convey the helpless man a few miles forward on horseback, only, however, that he might die in the encampment rather than abandoned and alone on the road, or in the desert. Sometimes the sufferer was conveyed back to a village which they had passed, and committed to the doubtful care of some native, with presents to induce some little attention of him till he should recover sufficiently to follow the party, if that should be possible, or the smaller service of interring him if he should die. In one or two instances a man was, from absolute necessity, left a few miles behind, in order to be sent for to the halting place, when some of the men and asses should be freed from the packages; and could never afterwards be found.—Park was himself sometimes very sickly.—Much use was made of a strong decoction of cinchona.

As often as he can the narrator relieves the story of disaster and suffering, by a description of whatever is striking in the views of Nature. We transcribe one of these brief notices.

'June 24th.—Left Sullo, and travelled through a country beautiful beyond imagination, with all the possible diversities of rock, sometimes towering up like ruined castles, spires, pyramids, &c. We passed one place so like a ruined Gothic abbey, that we halted a little, before we could satisfy ourselves that the niches, windows, ruined staircase, &c. were all natural rock. A faithful description of this place would certainly be deemed a fiction.'

'Passed a hill composed of one homogeneous mass of solid rock

(red granite) without a detached stone or blade of grass; never saw such a hill in my life.' p. 75.

In crossing a considerable river, Ba Woolima, Isaaco had a rencounter with a crocodile, which seized him by the left thigh, and pulled him under the water:

'With wonderful presence of mind he felt the head of the animal, and thrust his finger into its eye; on which it quitted its hold, and Isaaco attempted to reach the further shore, calling out for a knife. But the crocodile returned and seized him by the other thigh, and again pulled him under the water; he had recourse to the same expedient, and thrust his fingers into its eyes with such violence that it again quitted him; and when it rose, flounced about on the surface of the water as if stupid, and then swam down the middle of the river. Isaaco proceeded to the other side bleeding very much.'

He was severely lacerated, but his wounds healed with a happy facility, while his surgeon, Park himself, was so sick and exhausted as to be sometimes 'unable to stand erect' without feeling a tendency to faint.' And for one of the days about this time the notice in the journal is, 'All the people sick, or in a state of great debility, except one.'

At Keminoom, a walled town, fortified in the strongest manner that Mr. P. had yet seen in Africa, he says he found the people 'thieves to a man.' At a former town he pronounces the people 'all thieves,' but here he had to endure a series of plagues and plundering of unprecedented diversity and pertinacity. Some score or more of the sons of the fellow called the King of the place, were the worst scoundrels of the horde. A few stages further on, Park was compelled to have recourse to absolute violence, and shot a thief through the leg; but not till many daring and serious depredations had been committed, of which this single act of punishment was not enough to prevent the repetition. Tornadoes, rain, the haunting of evening wolves, and the laborious and difficult crossing of a swollen and rapid river, were to be added to the account. They had also the benefit of the notion which the people of the towns in front of them were very naturally led to entertain concerning them, from what they had suffered in the recent stages.

'Some of the people who had crossed the river with us, had informed the people of Mareena of the treatment we had experienced, and withal told the people that our coflee was a Dummulafong, a thing sent to be eaten, or in English *fair game* for every body. The inhabitants of Mareena were resolved to come in for their share.'

The last few stages previous to the arrival at the Niger, were fatally distinguished by the consummation of the effects of disease and hardship, in the death of a great proportion of what remained of the party. The sight of that river once more, recalled a measure of Park's former enthusiasm, mingled, he confesses, with gloomy reflections and forebodings. It was one of the few pleasing incidents he had to record, that he was met, at Dombila, not far from the river, by Karfa Taura, the Negro merchant who had been so eminently his benefactor in the former enterprise, and who, having been informed of his second advance toward the Niger, had made a journey of a week to meet him, in order to testify his friendly regard, and to assist him in going forward to Sego. It is one of the *amusing* incidents, that one afternoon, when leading the horse of his sick friend and relative Mr. Anderson, Mr. P. was met, almost beard to beard, by three lions. The meeting had no disastrous consequence on either side. The discharge of his musket, without its contents appearing to have struck any of them, induced them after a little pause and hesitation to retire among the bushes.

The gloomy reflections which he acknowledges to have oppressed him at his arrival on the banks of the Niger, were in some degree counteracted by the consideration of the *impunity, as far as the inhabitants were concerned*, with which he had accomplished the undertaking so far.

'The prospect appeared somewhat gloomy: it however afforded me peculiar pleasure, when I reflected that in conducting a party of *Europeans*, with immense baggage, through an extent of more than five hundred miles, I had always been able to preserve the most friendly terms with the natives. In fact, this journey plainly demonstrates, 1st. that with common prudence any quantity of merchandize may be transported from the Gambia to the Niger without danger of being robbed by the natives: 2dly. that if this journey be performed in the dry season, one may calculate on losing not more than three or at most four men out of fifty.'

We think every reader of the Author's previous narration of harassing exactions and downright thefts and plunderings, will feel great surprise at the former of these demonstrations, and will be unable to refer such a judgement to any thing else than the influence of a momentary elation, which threw a favourable and delusive gleam over the subject.

The noble river carried them down at the rate of six or seven miles an hour to Sansanding, which place Park chose in preference to Sego, the capital of Bambarra, for the purpose of building his vessel intended for accompanying the river to its termination. The choice of these two and several other places,

was offered him, with assurances of protection to the extent of the dominions of Bambarra, by Mansong, the king, with whom, by means of agents and ministers, and liberal presents to his Majesty himself, he held a tolerably amicable negotiation, though he was not, any more than in his former visit, invited into the presence. He had to undergo a very formal interrogation from the chief minister, accompanied with several grandees, respecting the objects of this second and rather unaccountable ingress into the country, and his speech in reply was admirably adapted to the occasion. It addressed itself directly to his Majesty's self-interest, by a brief representation, put in a striking form, of the *commercial* benefits which he might ultimately derive from favouring the expedition. Not a word was said of the romantic interest of the enterprise; a very proper omission, since a barbarian's suspicion is sure to be excited by an assigned motive which he cannot understand.

As a return for so many fine presents Mansong promised to give two large canoes for the intended voyage. They were not, however, forthcoming so soon as promised; and meanwhile, to obtain a sum of money for occasions, Park 'opened shop, in great style' and had, he humorously says, 'a great run, being sometimes forced to employ *three tellers* at once to count his cash; and turning, one market day, 'twenty-five thousand seven hundred and fifty-six pieces of 'money (cowries).' It was to be expected that this would excite the envy and rage of all the Moorish traffickers. Accordingly a representation was made to Mansong by the merchants, seconded by a great majority of the people of Sego and Sansanding, most loyally shewing that this alien's object was to kill his Majesty, and the princes his sons, by means of charms, in order that the white people might come and possess themselves of the country; and offering a quantity of merchandize of greater value than all the presents Park had made to his Majesty, if he would seize the intruder's baggage, and either kill him or send him back again out of Bambarra. Mansong rejected the proposal.

There is a curious account of the trade of Sansanding, exhibiting a diversity of commodities, and a degree of system, wonderfully contrasted with the state of the people near the coast. All the articles have their prices affixed.

The slight geographical information inserted, cost, doubtless, many earnest inquiries. This information includes the almost unquestionable existence of a nation of cannibals, at a considerable distance southward of Sego.

Park's anxiety to be gone was generously seconded by

the munificent monarch of Bambarra, even to the extent of impoverishing his own naval establishment, by sending to Park, first, a canoe of which half was rotten, and then another, of which half was not of a size to be joined to the sound half; and then another large canoe, the half of which was 'very much decayed and patched.' The royal goodness bestowed what would otherwise have been used as firewood. On such materials, however, Park fell to work:

'I set about joining the best half to the half formerly sent; and with the assistance of Abraham Bolton (private) took out all the rotten pieces; and repaired all the holes and sewed places; and with eighteen days *hard labour*, changed the Bambarra canoe into "*His Majesty's* [not the same Majesty] *schooner Joliba*;" the length forty feet, breadth six feet; being flat bottomed, draws only one foot water when loaded.' p. 163.

While this, nearly the last of our traveller's labours, was in progress, he lost his brother-in-law Mr. Alexander Anderson, an event of which he speaks in terms of the deepest regret. 'I then,' he says, 'felt myself as if left a second time lonely and friendless amidst the wilds of Africa.'

Thus forlorn, he was not however the less in haste to press forward to the accomplishment of his own destiny, whatever it might be; and though there are some expressions of hope in the letters written a day or two before his departure, it would seem quite impossible he should not have strongly foreboded that his preparations were, in fact, for no other end than that of following his lamented relative.—The last entry in the Journal is, 'November 16.—All ready and we sail to-morrow morning, or evening.'

What remains has been told in almost all our daily and other periodical publications, and can here require very few words. Isaaco's engagement terminated at Sansanding, and in his return to the Gambia he brought back this Journal, and Park's last letters, one of which, to Mrs. Park, is dated the 19th of November, and says, 'We shall sail the moment I have finished this letter.' He was thus known to be committed, in a nearly defenceless state, to the river, to the Moors, and to the immensity and perils of an unknown region; and this was all that was known, or even reported, for some time. 'But in the course of the year 1806, unfavourable accounts were brought by the native traders from the interior of the British settlements on the coast; and it was currently reported, but upon no distinct authority, that Park and his companions were killed.' Colonel Maxwell, governor of Senegal, was fortunate enough to engage Isaaco to go in quest of information. After an ab-

sence of about twenty months he returned to Senegal on the 1st of September, 1811, with a full confirmation of the reports concerning the traveller's death. He delivered to the Governor, who procured to be translated, a journal of his own expedition, kept in Arabic, including another journal given to him verbally by Amadou Fatouma, the guide who had accompanied Park from Sansanding down the Niger. This double journal contains a very few passages considerably curious, independently of the main object, the inquiry after Park; it has on the whole, however, a very meagre and unintelligent cast, and is wholly unsatisfactory with respect to that main object. Isaaco states that at a place on the Niger, a little beyond Sansanding, he met, unexpectedly as it seems, with the identical Amadou Fatouma, who, at seeing him and hearing his inquiry concerning Park, began to weep; and his first words were, 'They are all dead.' He then gave a short narration (in Isaaco's recital, at least, it is miserably short) of their course from Sansanding to a place called Boussa, within the dominions of Houssa, or Haoussa. Fatouma said, that no one went on shore during this voyage but himself, and that they had a number of battles with hostile canoes that pursued them at several places in their progress. In one instance they fought a fleet of twenty of them, and in every instance killed a number of the crews, which is not at all strange, if, as he asserts, each one of the party had nine muskets ready loaded. They had one of these rencounters in passing the port of Tombuctoo. Fatouma's engagement as guide, interpreter, and purveyor, terminated at a place named Yaour, the commencement of the kingdom of Houssa. To the chief of this town Park sent some presents for himself, and afterwards some presents entrusted to him for a superior personage called 'the King,' who was not far from the place. On receiving these latter the chief sent to inquire whether Park would return that way from his expedition, and received for answer that he should not. This answer, either the biographer or Isaaco observes, appears to have been the cause of his death. For as soon as he had set sail, the chief sent men to 'the king,' and Fatouma, who had already reached his Majesty's house, or palace, heard the message they brought.

They said to the King, "We are sent by the Chief of Yaour to let you know that the white men went away, without giving you or him (the Chief) any thing; they have a great many things with them, and we have received nothing from them; and this Amadou Fatouma now before you is a bad man, and has likewise made a fool of you both."

‘The King immediately ordered me to be put in irons; which was accordingly done, and every thing I had taken from me.’

After three months he was liberated; and then he learned the catastrophe which had resulted from this false message which the Chief had been emboldened to send, on the assurance that Park would never return. Amadou had the account, he said, from a slave who was in Park's canoe, and was the sole survivor of the party.

‘The next morning early the King sent an army to a village called Boussa near the river side. There is before this village a rock across the whole breadth of the river. One part of the rock is very high; there is a large opening in that rock in the form of a door, which is the only passage for the water to pass through; the tide current is here very strong. This army went and took possession of the top of this opening. Mr. Park came there after the army had posted itself: he nevertheless attempted to pass. The people began to attack him, throwing lances, pikes, arrows and stones. Mr. Park defended himself for a long time; two of his slaves at the stern of the canoe were killed; they threw every thing they had into the river and kept firing; but being overpowered by numbers and fatigue, and unable to keep up the canoe against the current, and no probability of escaping, Mr. Park took hold of one of the white men, and jumped into the water; Martyn did the same, and they were drowned in the stream in attempting to escape. The only slave remaining in the boat, seeing the natives persist in throwing weapons at the canoe without ceasing, stood up and said to them, “Stop throwing now, you see nothing in the canoe, and nobody but myself, therefore cease. Take me and the canoe, but don't kill me.” They took possession of the canoe and the man, and carried them to the King.’ p. 214.

A door-way for a river like the Niger—the current nevertheless deemed by Park safe for a canoe—his believing in the safety of the current, and yet keeping up a long fight with the army instead of shooting through, as in such a channel he would, like an arrow—his throwing every thing in the canoe overboard—the jumping out of the canoe to go through the passage (we suppose through the passage) just as much exposed to missiles as they would in passing in it—and the army fighting away at the deserted vessel and the solitary slave—and, to crown this miraculous account, yet although Park and the whole complement could not keep the boat ‘up against the stream,’ the single remaining slave was able to do it easily; for there he remained, to be pelted, to remonstrate, and to have his boat and himself taken possession of, by men who must have leisurely come to him from the

rock!!—never, certainly, was there a stranger deposition. But we cannot help ourselves; it is all the information that Isaaco—a miserable tool, we suspect, at cross-examination—seems to have been able to gain; it completely, as far as appears, satisfied himself, as a true account of Park's death; and it may be the only account we shall ever have of that deplored event. As to the fact itself that he perished, the biographer briefly and clearly shews how absurd it would be to retain any longer a doubt; and it is quite probable enough it might be at the place assigned; the probability is strengthened by a circumstance or two related (if at all truly related) by Isaaco; while of the precise manner of his death we shall never perhaps feel any confidence that we are rightly informed. Yet we earnestly hope that some of our countrymen now living may have the opportunity of interrogating the people of Yaour—if that same Chief himself, so much the better—on the subject; and may be appointed to see that *door-way* of the Niger under very different auspices.

The Appendix contains a highly interesting discussion of the several theories of the course and termination of that mysterious river. The Author clearly states the reasons in support of each opinion, and the opposite ones which throw the utmost doubt on *every* opinion. Perhaps he rather leans to that of Park, that the Niger comes into the South Atlantic Ocean under the name of the Congo, a magnificent stream, several miles broad, and, according to different reports, fifty or a hundred fathoms deep, and running with the velocity of six miles an hour.

Art. II. *Charlemagne; ou l'Eglise Delivrée*. Poeme Epique, en vingt-quatre Chants. Par Lucien Bonaparte, Membre de l'Institut de France, &c. &c. 2 Tomes, 4to. pp. xx. 784. Price 4l. 4s. Longman and Co. 1814.

Charlemagne; or the Church Delivered. An Epic Poem, in Twenty-four Books. By Lucien Bonaparte, of the Institute of France, &c. Translated by the Rev. S. Butler, D.D. and the Rev. Francis Hodgson, A.M. 2 Vols. 4to. pp. xl. 808. Price 4l. 4s. Longman and Co. 1815.

JOHNSON has somewhere said, that all the literary attempts of a man of rank, ought to be received with indulgence. If a mere preference of studious pursuits to the folly and idleness which rank and fortune often entail upon their possessor, should be deemed commendable enough to disarm criticism of its sting,

and elicit applause from the severe, ought not still more encouragement to be shewn toward those who withdraw themselves from the bloody haunts of Ambition, and instead of cutting off their fellow-creatures from the face of the earth, and overwhelming with misery those who survive their loss, calmly associate with the votaries of the Muse, intent only upon adding to the general stock of harmless pleasures, and heightening those intellectual gratifications which distinguish the happiness of man from the enjoyments of the brute creation?

Whilst England is still weeping over the sanguinary honours of Waterloo, surely, in the eyes of the rational and humane, the veriest monk, self-buried in his cell, turning the valorous actions of every saint in his calendar into doggrel rhymes, the hunter after butterflies, the collector of shells, the enumerator of mosses, or even the shadowy philosopher who puts his estate into the crucible in the hope of replacing it with solid gold, appears undoubtedly an innocent and comparatively useful being, contrasted with those deluded wretches, who leave their quiet homes to prevent other nations from enjoying repose in their own way; who rush into the field of battle, to be hewn to pieces, to expire in neglect and torment, and with no other consolation than the thought of having inflicted upon others the same agonies which suspend in themselves, even in the awful moment of departure to another world, every reflection but that of personal suffering.

Were we to speak of Lucien Bonaparte's poem, warm from the impression excited by comparing the tranquil innocence of his employment in writing it, with the mischievous activity of his brother Napoleon, and some others little less mischievous, though less personally active, in our own country, we should be apt, misled by gratitude, to transfer our admiration of the Author to his work, and to rank the battles of Charlemagne with the Lombards, or the missions of Elias to the Franks, above the wrath of Achilles against Greece, or the messages of Raphael to our first parents. But fortunately for those who wish, before they lay out their money in ponderous quartos, to ascertain whether they may be likely to repent of their bargain, we have been too long in the habit of holding the balance of literary justice, to throw any fancies of our own into one scale, against the candour and impartiality we have always endeavoured to keep in the other.

Threatened as the Public is with ten thousand pages of English blank verse, to complete a poem of which a large quarto volume makes only a small part, and tempted as it may feel itself, by the sight of Two Volumes, of the same size, of

French Poetry, it becomes our duty to examine these gigantic productions, and ascertain to what more commodious size they would be likely to shrink, were the touchstone of merit applied to them, so as to proportion the expressions exactly to the ideas that might be found worthy of retaining a place in moral and epic poetry. Charlemagne is of the latter class, and embraces a portion of history, in itself little interesting to modern readers, and injudiciously dilated by adventures that have about them, neither the romantic charm of fiction, nor the sober excellence of truth.

The whole subject of the Poem is simply the contest between the Franks and the Lombards, respecting the possession of Rome: battles are the chief incidents, and the interest they awaken, is so impartially divided, that the reader is perpetually tempted to refer to the list of *dramatis personæ* considerably prefixed by the Translators to the poem, in order to remind himself on whom he wishes the victory to fall. It is a dull chronicle in verse. The Duke of Wellington's despatches from Brussels would as easily admit of poetical embellishment, and contain many much more affecting statements. The subject, barren in itself, receives no aid from the fancy of the Author; it is treated as it would have been treated by Bishop Bale, before he had renounced the tenets of that Church of which Lucien Bonaparte seems a most bigoted member. Fire and sword are recommended to spread the mild and bloodless precepts of Christianity; and the Virgin Mary and the Twelve Disciples are deputed as spiritual agents on one side, against the Devil and the Druids on the other. We are disposed to make every allowance for those early impressions of education, which teach a *bon catholique* to refer all his temporal gains to the immediate intervention of the Virgin, or of his patron saint; but surely, it is a proof of confined intellect and bad taste, to represent the tribes of heaven as singing perpetually about the Holy Catholic Church; and the Eternal Principle of all things as manifesting his visible presence among them under the appearance of a flaming triangle. The nature of the Deity ought by this time to be better understood.

It was all very well for the Greeks and the Romans, to represent Jupiter and Juno, who were continually quarrelling with each other, as taking part in the quarrels of men; but we cannot imagine a God of infinite mercy and perfect love, inflamed with wrath at the sight of the human sacrifices here imputed to the Druids, and yet looking with complacency upon Charlemagne, rushing sword in hand upon his conquered foes, waving the cross over the heads of women and infants, and giving them their choice of baptism or of death; all for the honour of a Sa-

viour to whose precepts he was at that moment acting in direct opposition:—a Saviour who forbade his disciples to take even staves with them, when they went forth to promulgate his doctrines, and who expressly said, “Put up again thy sword into its place; for all they that take the sword, shall perish with the sword.” The doctrine of purgatory is brought in as an addition to the spiritual machinery of the piece, and the Author declares it as his opinion, that the heathen mythology affords nothing so beautiful or so consolatory as this notion of a middle state, which he terms the chains of tender sympathy that still bind us to those who have gone before us to another world.

The subject is not, however, treated so as to reconcile us to its defects. In his description of Hell, canto nine, we look in vain for the calm dignity of Virgil, or the wilder sublimity of Dante; we find only a confused mixture of personages from sacred and fabulous history, and a group of fallen angels, who deport themselves with the brawling insolence of a parcel of turbulent mechanics in a jail, rather than with any remains of the elevation of their former state. The Author, in a note on this part of the work, objects to the dignity with which Tasso and Milton have enveloped Satan, even in his fall: no one can accuse *him* of giving way to any resemblance of the style which he condemns. The work would have been altogether better, for an entire omission of all the spiritual agency, and all the petty miracles, which occur so often, that we are almost inclined to think the Author never read Horace's well known precept—

‘Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus.’

The characters are very faintly marked; even to the hero of the piece there is not a single speech or sentiment assigned, that distinguishes him from the Paladins that surround him; nor is there any thing to admire in his conduct, unless we go on Johnson's principle of liking ‘a good hater,’ and revere him for the furious zeal with which he attacks the Pagans. His moral virtues do not appear in a very amiable light: he has put away his lawful wife to marry the daughter of the heretic Didier, king of Lombardy; and when sufficient time has elapsed to sate him of the beauty which seems to have been her only attraction, he, like some others of later days, begins to entertain scruples of conscience respecting the propriety of an union which it may be reasonable to suppose he no longer found delightful. He then repudiates her, and takes his first wife out of a convent, whither we are to suppose she had retired before the commencement of the poem, and where she might as well have remained, for any advantage the reader receives from her introduction, as she makes her appear-

ance no more during the work, while the enraged beauty goes herself into the field of battle and feebly imitates the actions of a Camilla, a Bradmante, or a Britomart. Indeed, the great fault of the piece throughout, is, that it continually reminds the reader of better things. We have Godfrey of Bouillon, and the mad Orlando; but we hear their names only to regret the total absence of all the attractions in which the glowing muse of Ariosto, and of Tasso, knew how to deck them. We have combats between obscure knights, related with all the minuteness which Homer bestows upon the place and manner of the death of his heroes: but with him it is different; an habitual reverence for his name, awakens an interest in all those for whom he seems interested, and we are ready to imagine all the good and great qualities for which those whom he celebrates might be renowned among their contemporaries; while, in these French and Lombards, we have neither the affinity of our own times, nor the venerable obscurity of past ages. No doubt, the Author has sufficiently distinguished them in his own mind, and imbibed that individual partiality for them, which the long contemplation of a favourite work will beget even toward its weakest engines; but to us they seem like the male characters in a pack of cards, differing only in name, but all equipped with the same furious whiskers and martial swagger. The sentiments and imagery are not in any respect striking: there is a great sameness in them, and it is somewhat remarkable, that a poem composed chiefly among the most exquisite beauties of nature, should not oftener exhibit a corresponding beauty of allusion and richness of description. There are several reflections on the fickleness of courts, and the emptiness of ambition, which must always please, in a certain degree, because they are always true, and as such the heart responds to them. It may be reasonably believed that, at the time they were written, their Author felt their full force; he then rejected all the allurements held out to him by his brother in the zenith of his power, and had he continued to maintain the same integrity of conduct, whatever we might think of him as a good poet, we should have felt very much inclined to dispute the matter with any one who should have denied him the praise of being in a certain sense a good man.

We will now proceed to a more particular analysis of the work, accompanied with extracts both from the original and the translation, sufficiently copious to enable the reader to judge from them how far the remainder may be wished for; for surely, if copious extracts are ever admissible, it is from an expensive and voluminous performance, like the one before us, which can bear the reduction of a few stanzas, by way of sample, without

injuring the general interest of the piece, or reducing it to a mere skeleton.

The poem is dedicated to His Holiness, Pope Pius VII. whom the Author takes an opportunity of mentioning again, with affection and gratitude, in the course of his work.* To this succeeds a statement of the historical facts on which it is founded, and a short dissertation on the use of supernatural machinery in what he denominates the Christian Epic.

‘ Mais à quoi attribuer la supériorité des épopées païennes sur les modernes ? Les beautés supérieures dans les épopées païennes ne sont ni les querelles de l'Olympe ; ni ce sublime d'arithmétique qui, pour exprimer la rapidité des dieux ou leur voix ou leur taille, les compare en les multipliant à la taille, à la rapidité, & à la voix des hommes ; ni les ruses et les petits soins des dieux, contre les guerriers qu'ils combattent, ou pour les guerriers qu'ils favorisent. . . . Les beautés admirables de Virgile et d'Homère, ce sont les traits sublimes pris dans la nature, les tableaux achevés, les malheurs privés et publics, les vertus, les vices, les crimes, les grandes images ; et pour présenter tout cela sous le jour le plus frappant et le plus utile, l'unité de notre merveilleux semble devoir offrir plus de ressources qu'une mythologie pleine d'immoralités et de contradictions. L'avantage dans les anciens n'est que dans les poètes ; et sans doute cet avantage sera long-temps, peut être toujours, en faveur de la nation qui a produit Homère, ce puissant génie qui, pour ceux même qui ne le lisent que dans les traductions, laisse si loin derrière lui tous les autres poètes.’ p. xvi.

He next explains the reasons for his preference of the ten-lined stanza to the usual Alexandrine verse, the sameness of which, as he justly observes, is unfit for epic poetry, which is supposed to be lyrical. The measure he has chosen, is by no means deficient in beauty and variety, though very inferior to our Spenserian stanza, both for richness of harmony and completeness of termination, which render that, in the hands of a skilful master, the most sonorous, the most expressive, and the most varied of all modern measures ; but in a language like the French, where rhyme, as it is here justly observed, is already loaded with too many fetters, it would be a most arduous and hopeless undertaking to attempt a poem in a stanza at once requiring the exactness of the sonnet, and the vigour of the heroic couplet. It would have been more satisfactory to have seen the translation in the same measure as the original, which would hence have been better distinguished, by its own characteristics, from our native works ; but the rendering of twelve thousand lines of French epic poetry into any measure whatever, may be

* Canto 18th. Stanza 3rd.

thought a task sufficiently heavy, without our seeking to add to its difficulty. This long work the Author states to have been commenced, ten years since, on the mountains of Tusculum, near Rome, whither he had retired after having quitted public affairs; to have been continued at Malta, and finished in this country, during, what he terms, his captivity.

The poem opens with the accustomed kind of invocation and view of the subject.

‘ Muse céleste ! viens seconder mon génie :
Redis-nous les hauts faits de ce héros chrétien
Qui, vainqueur de lui-même, et fleau du païen,
Sauva l’arche du Christ des fureurs de l’impie.
De vingt rois conjurés guidant les étendards,
Contre les saints remparts
L’ange du crime en vain lève son front rebelle :
Au glaive des Français Dieu livre les pervers :
Sur les murs profanés de la ville éternelle
Charle accourt et détruit la ligue des Enfers.’

Chant 1. S. 1.

It then proceeds to state the union of the Greeks and Lombards under the walls of Spoleto, their attack upon its church, and assassination of Wilfrid, the Bishop, during the performance of his devotions; the inhabitants in despair, flee to Rome, laden with images and relics, and take refuge in St. Peter’s church; the sacred tapestries, the celebration of mass, and the scattering of ashes, with all the rest of the ‘pride, pomp, and circumstance’ of Catholicism, are well described; and Laurentia, the widowed sister-in-law of Charles, is introduced, with her two sons, in a very interesting manner.

‘ Carloman, jeune encore, a terminé sa vie ;
Par ses vassaux trahie,
Sa veuve avec ses fils a fui de ses états :
Charles s’est emparé de leur vaste héritage.
Pour Laurence il n’est plus de bonheur ici-bas ;
Et Rome a recueilli son auguste naufrage.

‘ Au milieu du cortège elle marche en silence.
Des cierges consacrés sont portés par ses fils.
Des chlamydes de pourpre au champ semé de lys,
De longs cheveux bouclés révèlent leur naissance.
Les traits de Carloman leur étaient inconnus :

Sur les brillant tissus
Ils pensent contempler une image étrangère ;
Et leur bouche sourit à l’éclat des couleurs !
Laurence, à cet aspect, sent croître sa misère :
Des longs plis de son voile elle cache ses pleurs.

' Elle suit à pas lents le pasteur souverain
Qui sur le seuil doré du temple magnifique,
De la miséricorde entonne le cantique :
Mille voix à sa voix ont répondu soudain :
On implore l'appui de l'arbitre du monde ;
Sous la voûte profonde,
Du peuple consterné résonnent les accents.
Un silence pieux succède à la prière.
Le temple se remplit de nuages d'encens,
Et le pontife arrive au pied du sanctuaire.'

Ch. 1. S. 48—50.

Paradise is next described, in a sort of vision ; and it is no way astonishing that our Author should not succeed in giving interest to an assembly of saints and martyrs ; a theme which even Klopstock's genius could not render inviting, and which Milton would not have attempted. It has, however, some pleasing passages, and, in the ensuing stanzas, there is considerable beauty, as well as liberality of feeling.

' Quand l'homme-Dieu, domtant l'inférieure puissance,
Parcourut en vainqueur les gouffres ténébreux,
Il voulut délivrer les mortels vertueux
Qui dans les temps d'erreur reçurent la naissance.
Ces sages, réunis aux pères d'Israel,
Du fils de l'Eternel
Suivirent triomphants la lumineuse trace.
S'ils ne connurent pas la loi du Dieu vivant,
Leurs cœurs furent chrétiens : et la céleste grâce
Daigna les appeler au sein du firmament.

' Avec eux l'homme-Dieu racheta ces enfants
Que le temps moissonna de sa faux meurtrière,
Lorsqu'à peine entr'ouvrant les yeux à la lumière,
Ils ignoraient encor les doux embrassements
Et les accents flatteurs et les traits de leur mère.
D'une proie aussi chère
Le Christ chargé franchit les cercles radieux.
Quand ce peuple d'enfants objets de sa tendresse
Eut frappé les regards de la reine des Cieux,
Son âme tressaillit d'amour & d'allégresse.' S. 65, 6.

The canto ends with the manifestation of the Divine Presence, which we have already taken the liberty to reprehend, and the delivery of that assurance which is consolatory to the true Christian, who, in all dispensations of Divine Providence, may find his faith strengthened in recognising its truth—"Upon this rock will I build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

The second canto introduces Armelia to us; and in it the Author takes an opportunity to express his wish for the same good understanding to reign between England and France in the present day, as did in the time of his hero. The appearance of Armelia is described with much labour, but the writer has not been able to accomplish in fifty lines what Homer has done in a single verse, when he speaks of the effect of Helen's beauty upon the Trojans.

The third canto consists entirely of hymns and spiritual revelations, and eulogies on monastic life.

‘Salut! cloître des rois, solitude profonde
Où d'une pompe vaine on dépose le poids!
Salut! marbres sacrés qui fûtes tant de fois
Foulés par les genoux des souverains du monde!
Votre aspect assoupit les orages des sens.

Les faibles, les puissants
Sont reçus du même œil dans votre saint asile:
Drogon et Carloman respirent dans vos murs,
Et Rachis y finit sa vieillesse tranquille;
Les rois ne sont pour vous que des mortels obscurs.’

Ch. iii. S. 18.

* * * * *

‘Fertile Nonantul! tes champs étaient déserts.
Le voyageur fuyait tes perfides ombrages.
Du sein de tes forêts et de tes marécages
De mortelles vapeurs s'exhalaient dans les airs.
Si tu vis quelquefois les légions romaines
S'arrêter dans tes plaines,
Tu ne reçus jamais de ces vainqueurs fameux
Que les maux de la guerre; et la terre féconde
A des moins chrétiens a dû ses jours heureux!
Le conquérant détruit, le cénobite fonde.

‘On vit naître une ville autour du monastère.
Un palais s'éleva dans ses nouveaux remparts:
Ouvert aux pèlerins, aux pauvres, aux vieillards,
Il fut bientôt l'abri de l'humaine misère.
L'or de Drogon, jadis, soldait mille guerriers
Aux glaives meurtriers:
De l'infirme et du pauvre il devint l'héritage;
De mille infortunés il soulagea les maux.
Tous à leur bienfaiteur rendaient un tendre hommage:
Lui seul au milieu d'eux cherche encor le repos!

Il commandait encor! Dans son humilité,
Il voulut déposer le sceptre monastique;
Il quitta Nonantul; son âme évangélique
De l'ombre des grandeurs craignant la vanité,
Au fond du Mont-Cassin vint chercher un asile.

Lucien Bonaparte's *Charlemagne*.

Dans ce séjour tranquille

C'est en vain que depuis on prononça le nom
D'un prince si connu jadis par la victoire
Frère Anselme en ces murs a remplacé Drogon;
Et de la terre Anselme a laissé la mémoire.

' Dans ses pieux loisirs le silence et l'étude
Le ramenaient toujours aux célestes clartés.
Les méditations, les hautes vérités
N'avaient d'asile alors que dans la solitude;
L'ignorance y perdait son masque séducteur.

Des longs siècles d'erreur

Sans cesse les reclus perçaient la nuit profonde;
Les temps passés sortaient de l'ombre du tombeau;
De l'histoire, des arts, des sciences du monde
L'humble cloître avec soin nourrissait le flambeau.' S. 22-25.

There is much truth in these observations, and it is to be wished that we could borrow from monastic institutions, at least the graces of their charities; for it is melancholy to reflect how inadequate are our poor-rates, how burthensome soever to the relief of individual misery, and how imperfectly organized must be our public institutions for the helpless and the aged, when even a life of hunger and houseless wandering, is preferred to taking refuge in them.

The fourth canto opens, poetically enough, with a description of the visit of Charles to the tombs of his father and grandfather.

' Dans les murs de Paris la Seine forme une ile
Autrefois consacrée aux tombeaux de nos rois.
Là, parmi les cyprès s'élevait une croix:
Le silence et la mort régnaient dans cet asile.
Sur les débris poudreux des anciens monuments,
Les hommes et le temps
Construisirent depuis une nouvelle ville;
Lutèce dans ses flancs a renfermé ces lieux;
Et son peuple aujourd'hui foule d'un pas tranquille
Les tombeaux inconnus des rois de nos aïeux.

' On avait élevé sur le sol consacré
Un monument pieux d'une noble structure,
Qui paraissait du temps devoir braver l'injure:
Charles souvent errait dans ce lieu révééré.
Jadis dans son enceinte, à l'ombre paternelle,
D'un souvenir fidèle
Il offrait tous les jours quelques gages nouveaux;
Loin des flatteurs ici recueillant sa pensée,
Le monarque trouvait aux pieds de ces tombeaux
La vérité, des rois trop souvent repoussée.

' A tout autre mortel l'île était défendue ;
 Lui seul pouvait franchir son ténébreux contour ;
 Mais depuis qu'il suivait un criminel amour
 De l'enceinte funèbre il détournait la vue.
 Des mânes offensés il redoutait l'aspect :
 Frappé d'un saint respect
 Il fuyait du tombeau l'enceinte solitaire.
 Son cœur avait besoin du tumulte des cours ;
 Et dans les vains plaisirs d'une flamme adultère
 S'écoulait à grand bruit le torrent de ses jours.' S. 1—3.

Here the shade of Adelard, the nephew of Charles Martel, appears to him, reproves his adulterous connexion with Armelia, and exhorts him to take arms against the Greeks and Lombards. The remainder of the canto is sufficiently heavy.

The next contains Charles's parting with Armelia, and taking Adelinde back. The sixth is filled with treasons, contests, and the death of Roland, who has come upon the stage for little purpose. The seventh opens with a council of chiefs who are in confederacy against Charles, and on whom the forsaken Armelia calls to revenge her cause. Rodmir, son of Witikind, king of the Saxons, is desperately in love with Armelia, who was betrothed to him by Didier before her marriage with Charles; but notwithstanding this, he has the generosity to take up arms in her defence, and seems very angry at that fickleness in his rival by which his mistress is restored to his arms. The Saxon knight and the Lombard lady, seek shelter awhile in the cottage of some labourers which is pleasingly described, and will remind the reader of Tasso's Erminia taking refuge among the shepherds: indeed we think the Author most happy in his description of calmer scenes and soft affections; and all the praise which we are compelled to withhold from his present performance, we have no doubt might be justly bestowed upon a story wherein the incidents should be chiefly confined to domestic life.

The following passage presents a good simile in illustration of the junction of the confederate powers.

' Souvent lorsqu'un long cours sur des plaines fleuries,
 A calmé d'un torrent les premières fureurs,
 Un torrent plus fougueux jaillissant des hauteurs,
 Se jette dans son sein : les ondes rallenties
 Ont retrouvé leur force ; et les fleuves rivaux
 En confondant leurs eaux,
 A bonds impétueux inondent le rivage,
 Dans le creux des vallons surprennent les pasteurs,
 Et dans les champs voisins répandant le ravage,
 Détruisent à l'envi l'espoir des laboureurs.' C. vii. S. 55.

The eighth canto is insufferably tedious. Treaties are described with all the minuteness of state etiquette, and in language little more poetical; knights and paladins, with their genealogy, fatigue attention, without awakening interest; and the reader is glad to be roused from the drowsy sensations which, page after page in this canto, seem only to increase, by an abrupt transition to Hell, in the next.

‘ Quel délire soudain s’empare de mon âme ?
Et la terre et le jour ont fui loin de mes yeux

L’Enfer s’ouvre : au-dessus de son cahos affreux
Bouillonne l’océan d’une éternelle flamme.

Dans ce gouffre inconnu quel sera mon appui ?

Je t’invoque aujourd’hui,

Sainte fille du Ciel, vertu simple et sublime,

O foi ! soutien du juste et terreur des méchants !

Prête-moi ton flambeau : pour effrayer le crime,

Dévoile à mon esprit l’abîme et ses tourments.

‘ Loin de moi des païens les souvenirs trompeurs ;

Loin de moi de Pluton l’image mensongère.

Celui qui du Très-haut éprouve la colère

N’a ni sceptre ni trône au séjour des douleurs.

Tous ceux qu’il entraîna dans sa chute accablante,

D’une voix gémissante

Lui reprochent sans cesse et son crime et leurs maux ;

Dans ces rugissements, la cohorte infernale,

Au chef qui la perdit demande le repos,

Et blasphème sans fin sa révolte fatale.

‘ Ces imprécations, sans cesse renaissantes,

Sont l’unique tribut que reçoit Lucifer.

Toujours seul, et maudit jusqu’au fond de l’Enfer,

Il parcourt sans repos les régions brûlantes.

Immobiles, plongés dans les lacs ténébreux,

Ses complices nombreux

N’osent plus exhaler une vaine menace.

Leur cœur est dévoré de la soif des forfaits ;

Mais le temps a brisé leur sacrilège audace :

Leurs complots des mortels ne troublent plus la paix.

L’indomtable Satan contemple avec mépris

Ces archanges jadis revêtus de lumière,

Aujourd’hui dépouillés de leur ardeur première ;

Déplorant leur faiblesse et dédaignant leurs cris,

Satan, seul, ose encor méditer la vengeance ;

Seul dans la nuit immense

Il ose encor lever un front audacieux.

Son livide regard, perçant le noir abîme,

Enveloppe la terre ; et sombre et furieux,

Par ces tristes accents il s’encourage au crime.

"Quoi la haine! la rage! et toujours l'impuissance!..
 "Rien ne peut donc changer ni fléchir mes destins.
 "Je suis vaincu, bravé par de faibles humains;
 "Et pour comble de maux il n'est plus d'espérance!
 "Dieu puissant, je le sais, par le sang de ton fils
 "Les mortels affranchis,
 "Revêtissent au Ciel ma dépouille éclatante;
 "Jusqu'à toi leur orgueil est enfin parvenu.
 "Jérusalem devient tous les jours plus brillante.
 "L'homme hérite du rang dont je me vois déchu."

S. 1—5.

* * * * *

' Sur des monts calcinés, où la lave en furic
 S'élève, se rabaisse et luit d'un jour affreux,
 L'ange maudit succombe. Epouvanté, honteux,
 Le front pâle de rage, il frémit et s'écrie:
 "Voix terrible du Ciel! ton décret menaçant,
 "Dans cet antre brûlant,
 "Sur ces monts foudroyés me rejette et m'accable.
 "Par toi le désespoir domte ma fermeté.
 "Seul tourment que je craigne, oracle impitoyable,
 "Epargne-moi; suspends ton accent détesté." S. 11.

* * * * *

' Les complices maudits de sa première audace,
 Avant les fils de l'homme ont arrêté ses yeux.
 Déchirés, consumés par la gêne et les feux,
 Leur front du Ciel encore a conservé la trace;
 On entrevoit encor le cercle lumineux
 Du nimbe glorieux
 Dont les rayons jadis couronnèrent leur tête.
 Ainsi pendant la nuit, dans un air nébuleux,
 On voit étinceler la brûlante comète
 Qui gravite et parcourt l'immensité des cieux.' S. 17.

In all these stanzas the reader will perceive a feeble imitation of our great poet, who has invested the character of the fallen angel with all its hereditary dignity, even in defeat; and in whom we may recognise, amid the very gloom of everlasting night, him who had once been "Son of the Morning," and who inspires us at the same time with admiration of what he might have been, and abhorrence of what he is become. In this field of description it is no disgrace to be inferior to Milton; 'within its circle none dare walk but he;' all who have attempted the same course, remind us only of his excellence, and the immeasurable distance at which he leaves his imitators.

The subject of the next canto is also of a diabolical sort. The Druids and Saxons are busy plotting and sacrificing,

and the reader will again feel inclined to nod over his task. In the eleventh we have an imitation of Milton, that never would have been found any where but in French poetry. Of Satan, in the character of the god of the Druids, it is said

‘Irmensul a souri d’un sourire odieux’—

and this is, somewhat injudiciously, translated by Mr. Hodgson, with verbal exactness,

‘An odious smile on Satan’s visage smiles.’

The asylum of *Laurentia*, in the court of *Marsilius*, with her infant sons, who are deprived of their inheritance by their uncle *Charles*, is well described.

‘Marsile a rassuré la mère et les enfants.
Il délivre leurs bras de leur chaîne pesante ;
Laurence lui rend grâce ; et de sa voix touchante.
Le maure avec orgueil recueille les accents.
Il ordonne aussitôt, qu’une foule attentive,

De l’auguste captive
Prévienne les desirs au sein de l’Alcasar.
Lui-même il y conduit la reine d’Austrasie.
Cet immense palais offre de toute part
Sous des lambris pompeux les trésors de l’Asie.

‘Les parfums dans les airs s’élèvent en nuages ;
Et l’eau pure jaillit dans les conques d’argent.
Sur les parois couverts d’un marbre éblouissant
Voltigent des Houris les lascives images.
Tout dans ce lieu charmant parle de volupté ;

Un bocage enchanté
Borde de l’Alcasar les salles éclatantes :
Ici sous l’oranger des bains délicieux
Offrent un doux repos dans les heures brûlantes ;
Et l’air résonne au loin de chants mélodieux ;

‘Laurence en contemplant ce séjour somptueux,
D’un sentiment nouveau sent son âme oppressée.
Le rang de son époux, sa fortune passée,
Avec tous leurs attraits viennent frapper ses yeux.

“Au lieu d’errer toujours de contrée en contrée,
“Sa famille éplorée

“Pourrait jouir en paix du sceptre paternel . . .

“Pourquoi le roi des francs usurpa-t-il son trône ?

“Des vassaux, au mépris d’un serment solenne l

“Devaient-ils à ses fils arracher leur couronne ?”

‘Tels sont les vifs regrets dont l’aiguillon la blesse.

Pour ses enfants encore elle aime la grandeur.

L’Alcasar a paru ranimer dans son cœur

De l’amour du pouvoir la brillante faiblesse

Loin d'elle cependant l'exarque byzantin
 Au monarque africain
 Prodigue les conseils de sa vile éloquence.'

Ch. xi.S. 39-42.

The twelfth canto is prosaic and dull, and finishes with a solemn oath of Charles to prop the Christian cause with his sword, a means of making converts, against which we once more enter our most solemn protest. And here ends the first half of our literary labour. The notes are in general little worthy of notice. 'A kitchen,' says Sir Penurious Trifle, 'is a place where they dress victuals and wash dishes:' 'A crater,' says Lucien Bonaparte, 'is the mouth of a volcano.' In the same spirit he informs us that Romulus was the brother of Remus; and that St. John's Revelations were written at Patmos. Surely, he may rest satisfied with the firm basis of historic truth, without bringing continual vouchers for his support: indeed, the paltry notes with which every petty production of the present day is loaded, will not give our posterity any elevated idea of the information and acuteness of the nineteenth century. 'Courage, lads, I see land,' was the well-known exclamation of Diogenes, on espying the blank side of a tedious production; and it recurred to our recollection, with irresistible force, as we took up the second volume of this ponderous work.

(*To be concluded in our next Number.*)

Art. III. *Histoire de France pendant le Dix-huitième Siècle*; Par Charles Lacretelle, Membre de l'Institut et Professeur d'Histoire à l'Académie de Paris. Troisième Edition, revue et corrigée, 1812. Delaunay, Paris. [Bossange et Masson, Londres, 6 Tomes, pp. 2390. 3l. brochés.]

History of France during the Eighteenth Century. By Charles Lacretelle, Member of the Institute, and Professor of History to the Academy of Paris.

(*Concluded from our last.*)

WE approach towards the middle of the period which this history embraces, and we descend into a bloody arena, from which, to the present moment, we have been allowed but a temporary exit. If the last half of the Eighteenth Century, and the beginning of the Nineteenth, have produced some of the most brilliant military characters and events, it cannot be forgotten, that it has also been marked by some of the most unjust and profligate wars which ever assembled men in arms against each other. In the year 1740, the Great Frederick makes his

appearance on the political stage; and in the same year the interesting Maria Theresa became entitled to the Austrian sovereignty by the death of the Emperor Charles VI. She was not allowed to obtain quiet possession of her hereditary rights; and the infamous system of *partitioning*, which has infected, more or less, every European power, assembled the Continent in arms against the amiable Princess. The King of Prussia, on the one side, marched with 30,000 men, to wrest from her the Dutchy of Silesia, and the County of Glatz: Charles Albert, Elector of Bavaria, on the other, assisted by France, Saxony, and Poland, laid claim to the succession of Bohemia. In this distressing situation, the unhappy queen fled to Hungary. Her appeal to the faithful Hungarians was not made in vain, and forms the most brilliant point, upon which the eye can fix, in contemplating the events of the last century. In the general assembly of the Hungarian States Maria Theresa appeared, without pomp, without a train. She was clad in deep mourning, and in her arms held her infant son, six months old. Grief had touched, not altered her features: benevolence, grace, heroism, were painted in her countenance. With the scimitar by her side, and the crown of St. Stephen on her head, she addressed her Chiefs in the language of immortal Rome, which had so often pleaded the cause of liberty:

'Une femme, un enfant, ne sont rien pour eux, [ses ennemis,] *mais sont beaucoup aux yeux de Dieu, protecteur de l'innocence, du Dieu, vengeur des traités. C'est par ma famille que je suis persécutée, mais j'ai en vous une autre famille qui me sera plus fidèle. Voilà mon fils, je vous le confie. Il croîtra pour vous aimer, et pour vous défendre un jour, comme il aura été défendu par vous.*' Vol. II. p. 254.*

'Silence was broken by sobs. They fell at the knees of the Queen; a thousand swords leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look which might threaten her with insult; and the solemn oath burst from every bosom, and resounded through the hall—"Moriatur pro rege nostro Maria Theresa!"—"We will die for our King Maria Theresa!"

Must we contrast, with this gloomy picture of female suffering and fortitude, a revolting fact? This same illustrious person, who, in 1741, could make so noble an appeal to her subjects, was herself guilty of participating in that most cruel

* A woman, an infant, are nothing in their [enemies] eyes, but they are much in the eyes of God, the protector of innocence, of God, the avenger of treaties. It is by my own family that I am persecuted; but I have in you another family, that will be more faithful to me. Behold my son: I commit him to you. He will grow up to love you, and one day to defend you as he will have been defended by you.

and unjust dismemberment of Poland, in 1772. Such is the depravity of human nature! Our Author has well marked her character when he remarks,

‘Le malheur devint son plus bel ornement; quand le malheur cessa, elle ne fut plus qu’une souveraine médiocre.’* Vol. II. p. 220.

We cannot dwell upon this and many other interesting events. Our object has been, not to enter into the details of history, but to notice a few of its more brilliant points; and to direct our readers to some of those important *general* observations which the history of the Eighteenth Century suggests.

The internal political affairs of France, during the reign of Louis XV. are not calculated to excite any peculiar interest in the mind. A detailed account of court intrigues soon becomes wearisome to the reader; nor should we have patience to follow them through all their intricate and tedious ramifications, were it not for the important influence which they undoubtedly had in accelerating the dreadful crisis which awaited France. The seeds of infidelity and of social disorder were sown by the vices of the Monarch and his Court. And yet this Louis XV. was the Monarch whom his vain and frivolous people has distinguished by the title of BIEN-AIMÉ. Well might he inquire, when he saw his subjects in tears during a dangerous fever which threatened his life, ‘*Qu’ai je donc fait pour être aimé ainsi?*’ ‘What have I then done to be thus beloved?’—*What* had he done? He had already deserted his amiable queen, for the illicit embraces of three mistresses—*three sisters!* He had thus steeled his heart against conjugal affection, and had insulted public decency. The death of Fleury relieved the profligate monarch from the little restraint which a preceptor could impose, and Madame de Pompadour, and, afterwards, Madame du Barry, were added to the infamous list. His moral faculties were completely chained by the influence of this mistress. Let the following anecdote suffice.

‘*Il regardait la religion comme singulièrement indulgente pour les Rois. Il lui arrivait quelquefois de lire les admirables sermons que Massilon avait composés pour former son enfance à tous les vertus. On dit que Madame de Pompadour l’ayant surpris plongé dans un recueillement douloureux après cette lecture, lui demanda le sujet de son émotion: ‘Tenez, lisez,’ lui dit le Roi. Madame de Pompadour pleura, et s’emporta comme une femme qui craint de n’être plus aimée. Le Roi ne fut plus occupé que de calmer sa favorite!*’† V. III. p. 167.

* Misfortune formed her brightest ornament. When misfortune ceased to pursue her, she sunk into an ordinary Sovereign.

† He considered religion as peculiarly indulgent to Kings. He would sometimes, by chance, take up the admirable sermons which Massilon composed for the purpose of training up his infancy to every virtue. It is said that Mde. de

We shall not blot our pages with the recital of the shameful excesses of the *Parc aux-cerfs*; 'an establishment so infamous,' says Lacretelle, 'that after having described the excesses of the regency, one scarcely can find terms to express this kind of disorder.' M. Lacretelle has very properly confined himself to a very general account of the indecent and abject scenes of the interior of the palace of Louis XV.; and he justly reprobates the conduct of those writers who have recorded the vices of the monarch with a disgusting and vicious minuteness. (See Vol. IV. p. 231. Note.)

Even before these excesses were invented, the French began to shew that they despised their king. Popular odium knew no bounds, when the vices of the sovereign, increasing with his years, appeared to invite the contempt of his subjects. In 1774 he died: the curses and insults of every class of society followed him to the tomb:—

'C'était la populace qui avait insulté aux restes de Louis XIV; toutes les classes de la nation outragèrent la mémoire de Louis XV. mais les témoignages de mépris et de haine furent épuisés en quelques jours. On était heureux de pouvoir oublier un roi que, depuis long tems, on avait jugé frappé des deux maladies de l'âme les plus incurables, la faiblesse et l'egoïsme.* Vol. IV. p. 343.

Such was the state of the public mind, when the unfortunate Louis XVI. was called to the throne. What might have been the issue of the disputes between the Court and the Parliament, had a more energetic monarch held the reins of the State, it is not easy to say. The clouds had been long gathering blackness, and perhaps no efforts of human genius could have availed to avert the impending storm. The spirit of popular discontent had gone abroad, the pressure of the taxes had become intolerable; the nobility and clergy refused to bear their portion of the public burden; and in addition to all these causes, which tended to weaken the political edifice, the writings of the philosophers had begun to exercise a melancholy influence in deluding the public mind, which had been *already* inflamed by

Pompadour having surprised him in a mournful reverie, after reading one of these sermons, inquired the cause of his emotion. 'Here, read,' said the King. Mde. de Pompadour wept, and affected the manner of a woman who feared she should be no longer beloved. The King thought no more but of pacifying his favourite mistress.

* It was by the populace that the remains of Louis the Fourteenth were treated with indignity: all classes of the nation execrated the memory of Louis the Fifteenth, but the expressions of contempt and hatred, were in a few days exhausted. The People were glad to be able to forget a Monarch who had for a long time been considered as smitten with the two most incurable of mental disorders, imbecility and selfishness.

the vices and excesses of the Court. Thus the scythe and the sickle were prepared, as well as the corn; the reapers were silently coming forward, as well as the harvest, which was to be gathered in devastation and blood.

Every page of this history will confirm the remark, that the precise *period* at which the revolution burst forth in France, was *not* that in which the causes which produced it were at their greatest intensity. This is a fact which it is of importance to mark. A superficial observer of mankind is apt to conclude, that the development of any particular event is always contemporary with the greatest measure of the causes which, by their combination, tend to produce it; but a careful study of the most striking events recorded in history, will prove to us that this is by no means invariably the case. The great political tide which overwhelmed the French nation towards the close of the last century, had been accumulating for a series of years; and the causes which had gathered together the waters into a heap, were much more powerful in their action for some time preceding, than at the very moment when the mighty deluge burst forth. The abuses which had, during the whole of the Eighteenth Century, been preparing the public mind for that dreadful convulsion which shook Europe to its foundation, were by no means so flagrant during the reign of Louis XVI, as under that of his predecessor. During the Regency of the Duc d'Orleans, and the age of Louis XV. the profligacy of the Court had attained its *maximum*;—and the influence of the Crown was even less subject to a seasonable control, than in the reign of that unfortunate monarch who succeeded to a throne already tottering. The machine had been put in motion, and the impulse which it had received, was too violent to be retarded by the measures of a weak and pusillanimous prince, how virtuous soever might be his private character. Every little error, every trifling abuse, tended to accelerate its progress; and how insignificant soever in themselves, became important elements, when added to the vast momentum which had already accumulated. Louis XVI. may therefore be considered as having been advanced to the throne at an unfortunate period. While, on the one hand, no impartial observer can hesitate to acknowledge that his weaknesses, his violations of the Constitution, and his ignorance of the science of political economy, were the *proximate* causes of the melancholy events which terminated the Bourbon dynasty; on the other hand it would be uncandid not to confess, that more *remote* causes had excavated the mine which was so shortly to explode. The cup of discontent was full, and a single drop in addition was sufficient to cause the waters of bitterness to overflow!

We are inclined to think that the account which Lacretelle gives of the reign of Louis XVI., is by far the least interesting part of the whole work; nor is it difficult to see that a degree of caution, perhaps necessary, fettered the hand of the historian in the execution of this part of his task. The nearer we approach towards the dreadful catastrophe which deprived France of her king, the more does this reserve increase; and we are at length brought to the very verge of the precipice, without any intimation of the horrors which lie beneath our feet. It was undoubtedly both discreet and decent to tread lightly upon ashes yet scarcely cold. Neither was it expedient to carry down "The History of France during the Eighteenth Century" to the *numerical* close of that period. But, at the same time, we think that such a portion of history should have been terminated with some marked and celebrated act; and it will not be doubted that, had the Author written under a free press, the Fall of the French Monarchy would have formed the natural conclusion of the work, how little soever he might have chosen to dilate upon the characters of those who took a leading part in that sanguinary event. The following is the *singular* passage which concludes the interesting work under review;

'Le jour de l'ouverture des Etats-généraux approchait. *La France*, disaient quelques hommes, *va tomber dans un abîme de maux*; *la France*, disaient le plus grand nombre, *va s'élever au faite de la gloire*. L'une et l'autre prédictions devaient s'accomplir successivement; avant d'arriver à un calme environné de gloire, les Français avaient un abîme à traverser.* Vol. VI. p. 300.

And this is the only notice which Lacretelle gives his readers of the fall of the curtain; and they cannot fail to experience a heavy disappointment when they find themselves cheated of the last act of the great drama of "The History of France during the Eighteenth Century!"

We have another observation of a different complexion to make upon this passage; and that we may be fully understood, we shall first quote a passage, in which the Author expresses the idea, upon which we are about to comment, still more plainly.

'Continuons a développer le tableau d'une nation qui s'élève quand son gouvernement décroît, s'enrichit quand il se ruine, marche avec

* The day for the opening of the States-General drew near: France, said some persons, is on the brink of an abyss of woes: France, said the majority, is about to attain the zenith of her glory. Both predictions were to be in succession accomplished: the French, previously to their arriving at a state of glorious tranquillity, had an abyss to pass.

impétuosité quand il s'arrête; . . . enfin, qui s'agite, rêve, discute, bouleverse, se consume et se déchire, jusqu'à ce qu'un ordre nouveau ait uni quelques-unes de ces lois antiques et ces institutions nécessaires avec des réformes amenées par le temps et par la raison.* Vol. IV. p. 92.

It has become the fashion with a certain class of philosophical writers of the present day, to speak of the most awful changes (whether in the moral or the physical world) with a certain speculative composure, which tends to deaden the best feelings of the heart. With these writers *the ultimate effect* produced, is alone contemplated, with little or no regard to the expense of *the means* by which it has been accomplished. Decay, is but the resolution of matter into its component elements, to re-appear in some new form of organized being. Political revolutions are considered, by the same train of thought, as mere decompositions of the social order, the elementary principles of which are to be re-united in a more perfect and harmonious form.—This theory is very beautiful, and may appear very wise and philosophical, and no doubt is sometimes verified by facts. To a political revolution we owe, under God, the establishment of constitutional freedom, and the enjoyment of the rights of an unfettered conscience. When abuse in the government has attained a certain limit, it must, inevitably, be corrected. But let us beware how we generalize too hastily. It is a dangerous theory which leads us to see, in every dissolution of the social compact, nothing more than the germe of '*un ordre nouveau*.'

We should contemplate the expense of the *means* by which any end is produced, as well as the effect obtained. In every dissolution of an existing constitution, there is a fair opportunity for the adoption of an improved system: but, to leave out of the account the risk incurred, (and much is worth risking in the cause of liberty,) we must not leave out of our consideration, the anarchy and the blood, the treasure and the tyranny, out of which the '*new order of things*,' is at length to arise. These remarks are, alas! but too applicable to France. The *Grand Experiment of the Philosophers*,—first to disorganize, and then to recast the scattered elements of the French Constitution in a better mould, has been tried. But mankind have

* Let us now proceed in delineating a nation that becomes great when her government declines, enriches herself by her ruin, advances with impetuosity when she stops;—in short, that agitated, dreaming, discussing, overwhelming every thing, consumes, tears herself to pieces, till at length a new organization re-establish some of those ancient laws, and those necessary institutions with amendments introduced by time and reason.

learned the important lesson, that it is much easier to resolve than to re-unite the parts of the social system. Often has it been imagined, that the political synthesis has been permanently effected: but the parts have been found again to repel each other, and again to be attracted to some new centre. Perhaps, ere this sheet shall have issued from the press, some powerful re-action may have produced some new combination. *When* this state of disorder shall subside into a more settled and harmonious system, can be known alone to the Almighty Disposer of events. Alas! alas! unhappy France has not yet 'traversed the abyss' into which she was plunged; that '*calme environné de gloire*,' that vision of peace which our Author sees for her, still remains to be realized! still '*elle s'agite, rêve, discute, bouleverse, se consume, et se déchire!*'

We have felt it our duty to express this partial censure, because we think we perceive that the sentiment on which we have commented, has given a false colouring to several facts recorded in this important and interesting work; and because we know that the sentiment is fashionable with a certain class of French writers. Upon the whole, however, the work of Lacretelle is written in a spirit of candour and moderation, which does him infinite credit. The style is particularly fascinating and elegant. We are far from pledging ourselves for every expression in his work, but we certainly consider it, upon the whole, as favourable to the principles of liberty, of morality, and of religion. In recording the intrigues and licentiousness of the French court, we have been pleased to observe a delicacy of language very opposite to that of the many objectionable *Mémoires* of the times.

It was to be expected that a writer who published under the restraints imposed on the press by Napoleon, would occasionally step out of his way to flatter his master. We cannot stop to notice a thousand instances: the subjoined references will justify the remark.*

We had intended to indulge our readers with a few specimens of the lively anecdotes† which often relieve the more tedious (though necessary) details of this history. It is this style of composition which constitutes the most attractive charm of the French writers. But we must refrain: our article has

* See Tome II. pp. 29. 130. 145. III. 261. 262. 318. IV. 140. V. 4. 5. 293. 349.

† See Tome I. pp. 246. 312. 338. II. 231. III. 341. 344. IV. 232.

been already extended to the very limits which border upon prolixity.

Long, however, as we have detained our readers upon this work, we cannot dismiss it without two remarks.—*The Eighteenth Century is the age of the butchery of the human species!*—And is it possible to meditate upon the events of this bloody period, without heaving a sigh for the sins and follies of mankind, which have almost incessantly embroiled the whole of the civilized world in hateful contest? Shall not every Christian bosom expand with the anticipation of that period when war shall be learned no more; but ‘man, the brother, live the ‘friend of man?’—But yet there are not a few, who, misled by the phantom of military glory, or of a debased self-interest, can breathe no other element than that of war, and who contribute all their efforts to prolong this terrible scourge of the human race. Oh! could we but conduct even such, in a moment of cool reflection, into the very midst of the miseries inflicted by ambition;—could we but point their attention to the wretched victims of war,—the wounded, the dying, the slain;—we should not despair of impressing upon them a moral lesson, by the contemplation of actual misery. Such was the wise conduct of Louis XV. in his more amiable days, who, after the battle of Fontenoy,

‘Au lieu de se livrer dans sa tente à la joie d’un si grand succès, conduisit, pendant la nuit, son fils sur le champ de bataille, en lui montrant étendues les tristes et glorieuses victimes de la journée; il lui donna la plus belle leçon qu’un Roi puisse donner à son fils. “Me-ditez sur cet affreux spectacle,” lui dit-il; “apprenez à ne pas vous jouer de la vie de vos sujets, et ne prodiguez pas leur sang dans des guerres injustes.”’* Vol. II. p. 325.

To these reflections on the night *after* a battle, we shall add the beautiful meditation of the great Marshal Saxe on the evening *preceding* an engagement.

‘La nuit qui précéda la bataille de Raucoux, ce général répondit au médecin Sénac qui lui demandait le sujet de la tristesse dans laquelle il était plongé, en parodiant ces vers d’Andromaque :

* Instead of giving himself up, in his tent, to the joy of such brilliant success, [he] led his son, at night, to the field of battle, and shewing him stretched on the plain the sad yet glorious victims of the day, imparted the finest lesson which a monarch could give his son, “Reflect on this dreadful spectacle,” he said to him, “learn not to sport with the lives of your subjects, and never waste their blood in unjust wars.”

" Songe, songe, Sénac, à cette nuit cruelle
 Qui fut pour tout un peuple une nuit éternelle ;
 Songe aux cris des vainqueurs, songe aux cries des mourans
 Dans la flamme étouffés, sous le fer expirans. " *

II. p. 153. Note.

If ever mankind are to learn wisdom, it is surely by such lessons as these, with thousands of which the Eighteenth Century teems ! And yet, a whole age of violence and bloodshed has rolled away, and it should seem, that it has failed to inculcate the principles of justice and humanity. The melancholy truth which the history of this period forces upon our minds, is,—*the slow progress which enlightened principles, political probity, and moral rectitude, make in the world.* We would willingly, indeed, adopt the consolatory theories of those benevolent philosophers, who persuade themselves that the world has been gradually advancing towards a system of *optimism* ; that the light of philosophy and of truth is rapidly spreading its mild and genial influence, and confining within narrower limits the regions of ignorance and of vice : but, alas ! with our eyes still upon the pages which record the events of the Eighteenth Century, we blush for human nature ; we could almost despair of the species ; we dare not say that the progress of political justice, of correct thinking, of enlightened principles, has kept pace with the inventions of science and the discoveries of genius. ' See nations slowly wise and meanly 'just !'—In glancing at the varied events of the period before us, we will, indeed, acknowledge that we can fix upon many bright spots ; many gleams of light, which might encourage even a desponding mind to hope that a more glorious period is at hand. But in tracing back the history of modern Europe, so often have these hopes been disappointed, so frequently have the dawns which promised to usher in the day, faded from our view and relapsed into night, that we are forcibly reminded of those dreary regions upon the face of our planet, where twilight appears at many successive intervals, but is not followed by the presence of the genial luminary of day.

* The night before the battle of Raucoux, this General replied to the Physician Senac, who inquired the occasion of the sadness by which he appeared overwhelmed, by paroding those verses in " *Andromaque* :"—

" Think, Senac, think upon that dreadful night,

" To a whole nation an eternal night,

" The shouts of victors, and the dying shrieks

" Of those the stifling flames or sword devoured."

We do not, however, despond:—we turn from these records of human crimes to the Book of God; and from thence, as from some lofty eminence which overlooks the dark and clouded valleys beneath our feet, we trace the dawnings of a brighter day; we hail the approach of that period when our ‘sun shall no more go down!’

Yes! the Christian calculates not wholly upon the *past* current of human actions. He turns from the melancholy spectacle presented to his view in the history of the world, to the cheering prospects spread before him in the sure word of Prophecy. He confidently anticipates the glorious period, when “violence shall no more be heard in the land, wasting nor destruction within our borders.” He does not, indeed, look for any striking effects upon the conduct of nations, or the morals of individuals, from the boasted effects of *philosophy* alone. If the world is to advance in happiness,—if social and political order is to be firmly established, it must be through the means of the *Gospel of Peace*. At such anticipations the infidel may scoff; but, amid the political convulsions which, in the present age, so awfully agitate the world, the Christian will turn to the volume of Inspiration, and point to the Promise of Eternal Truth, “I THE LORD WILL HASTEN IT IN HIS TIME!”

Art. IV. *A Statement of the Early Symptoms which lead to the Disease termed Water in the Brain; with Observations on the Necessity of a watchful Attention to them, and on the fatal Consequences of their neglect. In a Letter to Martin Wall, Esq. M.D. Clinical Professor at Oxford, &c. &c. By G. D. Yeats, M.D. of Trinity College, Oxford; of the Royal College of Physicians, London; of the Royal Medical Society, Edinburgh; late Physician to the Lunatic Asylum and Infirmary of the County, and Physician to his Grace the Duke of Bedford. pp. 114. Callow, London. 1815.*

IT is not more than twenty years since, that a German Physician, upon a visit to this country, expressed his surprise at the comparatively little attention paid here to ‘Gastric Diseases,’ and at the liberal, and often actually indiscriminate and empirical employment of opium, bark, and mercury. How changed are the face and fashion of things in the present day! ‘Gastricism’ has at length become the rage in Britain. Every thing both in the way of disorder and remedy, is regarded through the medium of the *primæ viæ*. Debility is a word quite out of date; sternutation is no longer in vogue; tonics are becoming obsolete, specifics disregarded; and, after a long struggle for

superiority among medicinal powers, evacuants have been proclaimed the masters of the field.

The very respectable Author of the tract now before us, has taken a decided part with the disciples of the gastric school. He gives his full assent and powerful support to the doctrines of the prevailing creed; and in our opinion has approximated too nearly to the *verba magistri* error. That his book contains many valuable and important observations we feel no disposition for a moment to question; indeed, whatever comes from the pen of Dr. Yeats, must necessarily carry with it a degree of authority; and if, in the following strictures on his present performance, he may discover too much of critical freedom, we must request him to recollect, that the strictures themselves will be so many proofs that we attach a considerable share of consequence to every thing that issues from the press in the name and under the sanction of the Author of "Observations on the Claims of the Moderns, &c."

The subject on which Dr. Yeats has now written, is a subject of no mean interest. Strike consumption of the lungs out of the list of maladies, and water in the brain will then perhaps stand at the very head of the scale, in respect of its comparative importance. We have no quarrel therefore with our Author on the ground of the popular cast he has chosen to give to his treatise; on the contrary, we are glad to see it at once so scientific and so divested of technical peculiarities, as to be instructive to the professional reader, while it is not closed against unprofessional perusal. The few objections we shall venture to make, will be more against the matter than the manner of the work, and these objections we hope to urge without in any measure infringing the canons of liberal criticism.

The gastric theory of medicine, to which we have above alluded, is not altogether one and indivisible. It is indeed separable into three distinct heads, notwithstanding that these several divisions in some sort symbolize with each other. If we were called upon to designate them by distinctive appellations, we might call them the *purgative theory*, the *hepatic theory*, and the *theory of the digestive organs*; with all and each of which, however, Dr. Yeats's sentiments have something in common, insomuch that it will not be out of place here to engage in a slight preliminary discussion on their origin and respective merits.

It happened, at the time when the systems of Boerhaave and Hoffman were dividing the opinions, and directing the practice of medical speculatists on the continent, that the notions of the latter were principally received and taught in that school which was destined to become the school of paramount au-

thority, at least in this country. Dr. Cullen and his followers proclaimed themselves partisans of the '*solidism*' of Hoffman, in opposition to the '*fluidism*', if we may so express it, of Boerhaave; and the influence which this selection of one theory as the ground-work of pathology and practice, came in a very short time to possess over the whole body of medical doctrines throughout Britain, is truly astonishing. Disorder was no longer corruption of humours, but weakness of fibre; and the old notions of cleansing, depurating, diluting, and discharging, yielded to the novel principles of subduing spasm and supporting tone;—principles which were carried to a still greater and more unwarrantable extent by that very extraordinary person Dr. John Brown. Even in cases where the disciples of Hoffman and Cullen would have had no scruple in pursuing, in part at least, the plan of depletion, Brown not only ridiculed such plan as inefficient, but decried it as dangerous. Stimulation—excitement—was every thing with him; and this, it must be confessed, became too much the order of the day, even among many who were very far from being converts to the Brunonian dogmas.

Such was, in a great measure, the introduction of that bark and opium practice of which our German critic complained; and the complaint was not wholly destitute of foundation. The first great and general check which was given to this practice, was by the publication of a work '*on the utility and administration of purgative medicines*,' in which the author endeavoured to prove that our tonics, and stimulants, and antispasmodics, are, not seldom, worse than thrown away, and that the correct and efficient plan of treating many even of those maladies that are classed by all parties among diseases of debility, is that of a liberal administration of purgative remedies. Thus, that singular affection, the Dance of St. Vitus, (which Brunonians and Cullenians, as well as mere empirical *routiners*, had all joined in viewing and treating as an affection of weakness, and in combating by strengthening remedies,) the author of the work now alluded to, instructs us to counteract and subdue by purgatives, and purgatives alone; and so, in a variety of other instances, to an extent which, in our judgement, is neither authorized by theory nor confirmed by experience. Many have been induced to give the plan a fair and unprejudiced trial, and finding it not always so successful as its founder represented, have been compelled to resort to their old remedies. The principle also upon which medicines of the class now alluded to, produce their beneficial effects, seems, in some measure, to have been misunderstood; and here we gladly avail ourselves of an opportunity of using Dr. Yeats's words as expressive of our own sentiments on this subject.

‘ With all respect,’ (he says, alluding to Dr. Hamilton,) ‘ for the doctrines of this justly admired Physician, I cannot avoid being of opinion from observation that a great deal of the advantage derived from pursuing his suggestions, arises as much, if not more from producing a healthy secretion from the glands which pour their fluids into the intestines, than from giving more regular, at least more evacuating movements to the intestinal actions. It appears to me that the quantity and quality of the foul discharges do not depend upon stagnation only in the torpid bowels. Morbid secretions are going on; their mere evacuations, therefore, would not insure health and tone; an alterative effect is wanted: excite the glands to their healthy functions, in addition to the removal of the accumulated load, and salutary evacuations will regularly take place.’ p. 39.

The objection, then, which we should feel disposed to advance against the principles and practice of Dr. Hamilton, is, that they partake too much, so to say, of a mechanical nature: they regard the living frame as susceptible of being clogged and impeded in the same way as a piece of machinery devoid of life, and go upon the supposition that the whole of medicinal agency is resolvable into this clearing away of offending matter; forgetting that this very matter itself is not unfrequently the mere offspring of weakness, and that it is most effectually to be expelled, as well as prevented from again accumulating, by measures of an invigorating nature. The practice of mere purgation is a practice of prescribing to symptoms to the neglect of causes. It is unphilosophical, and often hurtful.

We have ventured to name the second reigning doctrine of modern medicine, *the hepatic theory*, inasmuch as it looks to the liver for a solution of all the difficulties and intricacies connected with disordered actions in the living system. *A capite ad calcem*, it is all the liver; and this reference is made without much precision as to the actual state in which the organ is supposed to be, in order to produce these multifarious maladies. They are traced to the liver, and that is enough. Certain preparations of mercury have been found or supposed to possess a specific influence on the functions of the liver, and these preparations become, therefore, in the hands of the hepatic pathologist, what wine and opium were with the disciples of Brown.

That the liver is, in very many instances, the actual and prime seat of disease, which displays itself in another and perhaps distant part of the frame, is an unquestionable fact. How often do we see congestions of blood about the vessels of the head, irregularities in the action of the heart and pulse, dropsical and pulmonic affections, hemorrhages from either superficial or more deep-seated blood-vessels, and a great many other derangements, which there is no difficulty in tracing to a schirrous or otherwise obstructed state of the organ in question,

and to a consequently impeded or interrupted circulation through its substance ; but that all cases of morbid being are attributable to this source, is, in our minds, an unfounded supposition. Certain affections of the head, it will be our business almost immediately to prove, have an origin oftentimes totally independent of hepatic affection. This, then, like the preceding theory, is stretched out to too great a length, and in practice acted on, by much too exclusively of other considerations.

Pathologists of the third class found their doctrines on a conceived sympathetic connexion of every part of the animal body, influencing more especially that grand connecting medium the stomach, the proper regulations of which constitute, in their opinion, the great secret of curative agency ; and this is a principle in medicine, which, if duly cultivated and cautiously restrained, will perhaps prove to have more of truth in its composition, and of good in its practical application, than either of the preceding. We do not believe, with an encomiast of Mr. Abernethy, that ‘ the illustration of the manner in which ‘ the nervous system and digestive organs mutually aggravate ‘ each other’s disorder, and the insufficiency of local remedies ‘ in general for the cure of local diseases, may be regarded as ‘ the only important progressive step which the science of medicine has taken since the time of Hippocrates ;’—but we do believe, and are assured, that both professional and public benefit (if these are allowed to be compatible) will accrue from the speculations now alluded to. By way of illustration we remark, that it was formerly the practice among both hospital and private physicians, to thrust Peruvian bark down the throats of all patients in whom debility was imagined the prevailing feature of disease, and this from a vague empirical notion respecting the corroborating power of the drug in question. This, say the advocates of the sympathetic doctrines, is a practice resulting from false principles. Look to the state of the nervous system, examine the condition of the digestive organs, upon the just regulation of which depends the due performance of all vital functions ; regulate the action of the nerves, improve the secretions of the stomach, and every thing else will fall into regularity and health in course and consequence. Even the most distant and apparently mere local diseases, ought to be received and managed in reference to this connexion ; and mortification itself, Mr. Abernethy justly asserts to be not unfrequently the ‘ result of nervous disorder.’

But with every respect for the talents and acumen of those gentlemen who may be regarded as the founders of this sympathetic theory of medical science, we venture to say, that the principles it promulgates, have been advocated and acted upon with too much of systematic attachment ; for there certainly are

many maladies, both local and constitutional, which have their commencement, course, and decline, in a manner almost independently of the circle of sympathies alluded to; and we are apprehensive that the determined and devoted partisan of those particular views, has sometimes suffered system to stand in the way of good sense and unbiassed observation. The Brunonians themselves, with their opium and stimuli, were not more disposed to disregard such facts as interfered with their hypothesis, than the digestive *organizists* have sometimes shewn themselves confirmed in theoretical obstinacy.

We may, by way of illustration, adduce two affections, among a variety of others, which will yield only to a specific treatment; and which treatment, in spite of the pretensions of system and science, is entirely empirical, or the result of accidental experience, unaided by any *à priori* views; we mean—the sea-scurvy, and the lues-venerea. Why vegetable acids should be the remedy for one, and mercury for the other, has never yet been reconciled with any principles of pathological reasoning; and in either instance you may stimulate the frame as much as you please, you may regulate, as minutely and carefully as may be, the condition of the nerves and digestive organs; nevertheless, the complaints will run on and acquire strength as they proceed, unless you check their course by their respective specifics. Again, many are the local inflammations and other derangements, which will yield only to local and specific applications, notwithstanding that every attention shall have previously been given to regulating the functions of the first passages. The state of the stomach and bowels, is, therefore, by no means, in all instances, either the cause or the index of general or local disorder.

But it is now time that we turn our attention more especially to that malady which is intended to be particularly the subject of the present discussion.

Dr. Yeats complains, and not without cause, that too little attention has hitherto been given to the condition of the stomach and bowels, by many who, by dissection and otherwise, have endeavoured to ascertain the precise nature and actual origin of water in the brain, which, he is disposed to think, takes its rise, *for the most part*, in situations remote from the brain. In this latter opinion we think him erroneous, and it remains for us to state our reasons for such difference of sentiment.

First, We find the disease to be one principally of early life. It occurs, ordinarily, at some period during the growth and gradual evolution of the brain, before the organ has arrived at maturity, which circumstance would seem to favour the supposition

of some organic alteration taking place of an original and independent nature, for impediments and interruptions must naturally be more incident to an organ during the process of development, than after the evolution is complete. *Secondly*, The malady is often connected with, and seemingly produced by, the process of teething, the irritation of which appears to extend itself to contiguous parts, and the brain comes to be affected by actual vicinity of position, without reference to a distant organ. *Thirdly*, Were the complaint always, or more usually brought about by obstructed viscera, we should expect to meet with it oftener in advanced life, when such obstructions are both more common and more permanently operative, and then most obviously, as we have above remarked, engender disorders in distant parts of the frame. *Fourthly*, We may observe, that the subjects of hydrocephalus are, in the majority at least of cases, subjects in which a scrophulous tendency in the habit is more or less perceptible; and they are moreover those children in whom, from a precocity of intellect, we might expect brainular functions to be inordinately active and complicated, and consequently more susceptible of disordered action.

But, further, the frequently obvious causes of hydrocephalus, are proofs of a too certain nature, that the complaint, may, and often does, originate directly in the head. Dr. Wall (to whom Dr. Yeats's book is addressed, and who is well known to be an observant and able physician) has suggested, whether the increased frequency of hydrocephalus of late years, may not be traced to the 'leaving off' of the circular defence round the 'heads of children,' and their consequently more frequent exposure to injury from falls and blows. Whether this be the case or not, certain it is, (and no practitioner of any experience will be inclined to dispute the truth of the statement,) that external injuries, directly applied to the head, are often the immediately exciting sources of the disease, and this perhaps is the case much oftener than is seen or suspected. When the derangement has thus been *certainly* induced in an immediate and direct way, we always see the functions of the bowels to be disordered in consequence, and may not this incidental and secondary affection be often, in other cases, taken for the cause when it is rather the consequence?—the torpidity or irregularity of the bowels being occasioned by that altered state of the brain, which is prior to the actual production of confirmed hydrocephalus.

There is still another circumstance which would seem favourable to the supposition of water in the brain being originally a brainular disease, in the greatest number of instances, and that is, that a greater or less affection of one of the limbs, is almost invariably, among the earliest indications that all is not

going on right. This symptom generally occurs prior to the intestinal irregularity, and is often not noticed on account of its early appearance, and because the connexion is not conceived between it and the subsequent series of disordered actions; but, as far as our observation has gone, we have very seldom failed of bringing to the recollection of parents or friends, the circumstance of the young patient having evinced a weakness in one or other of the lower limbs, (provided the limbs had previously been used,) a stiffness about the knee, or sometimes a tendency to drag the affected leg in a somewhat similar manner to those who are affected with St. Vitus's Dance.* This sign of approaching mischief we mention particularly, both because it may be regarded as confirming our views respecting the general source of the complaint, and because we think it of most momentous consequence to commence early operations of a preventive or curative nature, before the disease shall have become too conspicuous to admit of question or doubt.

But while we thus contend for our own notions respecting the more usual production of hydrocephalus, and venture to qualify those of the Author whose book is now before us, we must at the same time admit that the disorder may and actually does at times occur as a consequence of torpid and interrupted action in the intestinal canal with its connected viscera; and that in all cases the plans both of prevention and treatment ought to comprise an attention to the visceral state. We shall here take occasion to insert a case stated by the Author, as illustrative of this necessity.

'Having just,' he says, addressing Dr. Wall, 'closed my attendance upon an interesting little girl of four years of age, the only child of an intelligent widow, I am sure, Sir, you will willingly read the account of the symptoms, and they were by no means moderate, in this stage of the complaint, as drawn up by the mother. "The subject of this sheet had been for ten weeks without having a natural

* There is possibly more analogy in some instances between these two complaints (*Hydrocephalus* and *Chorea*) than is usually conceived. In the latter, the morbid actions, perhaps from their occurrence later in life, seldom advance to the extent of *disorganization*, and are therefore not commonly fatal. In the only fatal case of St. Vitus's Dance that we recollect ever to have witnessed, the appearances in the last stages were very similar to those which are seen in hydrocephalus. It may be noticed by the way, that in this case, the plan of Dr. Hamilton was from the commencement vigorously and perseveringly pursued. It ought, however, also to be mentioned, that, in another case, falling at the same time, the plan appeared to be abundantly beneficial.

motion, and the stools were, during that period, occasionally very dark. About the end of ten weeks, she was seized with drowsiness, which continued for three or four hours, out of which she awoke in a very high fever, attended by retching; nothing would remain on the stomach; a complete nausea at any thing in the shape of food took place: violent thirst. The motions resembled soot mixed with boiled spinage, perfectly solid, and upon remaining tinged the water of a dark sap-green. The retching and fever continued for three days, with very little intermission, yet they were less at times; perhaps the interval of an hour might elapse. Calomel had been given at the commencement of the attack, and was continued daily until the motions became lighter. About the end of the fourth day, all the above symptoms subsided, and the little sufferer became daily better for fourteen days. She was again seized with drowsiness, a little sickness, but not retching. Calomel again procured relief. Three days after this second attack, a pain in the upper part of the back of the head was complained of. She could not move nor stoop without uneasiness—easily fatigued—dislike to the smell of her food, and great fretfulness—the uneasiness in the head was by no means continual, nor occurring more than four or five times during the day—costive bowels and dark coloured stools still as before. Another fortnight elapsed and the fever returned with drowsiness—dizziness for the first time—could not bear the head off the pillow—could not see clearly—objects appeared double—the pain in the head very troublesome, yet would intermit for two or three hours—sickness—pain in the sides—heaviness about the eyes—burning in the palms of the hands and soles of the feet—evacuations still dark—flushings of the face—starting during sleep—the urine of a high bright colour.”—So far the narrative of the mother. ‘It was at this time,’ continues Dr. Yeats ‘that I first saw the child, who is now perfectly well. The repeated returns of derangement in the digestive organs would, if not subdued, no doubt have ultimately produced the full hydrocephalic excitement of the brain which appears in fact to have already commenced.’

In this opinion we agree with our Author; yet even here it may be doubted whether the visceral disorder was not a consequence in some measure of an originally improper performance of brainular functions, and the evacuating plan, which was adopted with success, was not rendered so, in part at least, by the alterative and stimulating effect which it insured, not by merely unloading the intestines of foul matter.

Were the question we have been agitating, one of mere theory, unconnected with practical influences, it might have been dispensed with in the present instance as scarcely worth the trouble of discussion; but besides that it is always desirable to acquire accurate pathological notions on the subject of morbid processes, we think that we discover the seeds of actual and practical error in tracing every thing in a wholesale way to the liver, stomach, and bowels. In reference to the case before us,

inquiring and anxious parents will ever be apprehensive of the most trifling irregularity in these parts, lest it should lay the foundation of water in the head; they will be encouraged in the too liberal and injuriously habitual use of purgative medicines, with a view to avert the dreadful catastrophe; and, as it regards disorder in general, professional men, unduly imbued with these visceral doctrines, will not only adhere to their evacuating remedies to such a degree as to endanger the tone of their patient's bowels, but, in very many instances, will be diverted from the employment of more appropriate means of curing their patient's maladies. Effects which it has been our fate to witness, in like manner as, under the former but now almost exploded system of excitement, we have seen individuals excited to their cost.

We shall now state what, in our judgement, ought to give rise to the professional and parental alarm, as menacing indications that hydrocephalus is about to take place: and, after presenting the reader with a few remarks on the distinguishing features of this complaint, as compared or contrasted with others with which it is apt to be confounded, shall conclude by offering one or two additional suggestions on its causes and management.

One prominent symptom we have had occasion already to mention, and we repeat here our conviction, that in instances where the disorder occurs gradually and almost imperceptibly, this symptom will seldom be found wanting. There is, too, for the most part, an unusual drowsiness and loss of the child's accustomed vivacity, which, when it is marked and obvious, is to be distinguished from the drowsiness of mere weakness, by a kind of tendency in the head to hang down as if it was with difficulty that it could support its own weight. With this drowsiness an uncommon susceptibility of light is not seldom observable, as if the light occasioned uneasiness; and now, the bowels become irregular, generally costive, but sometimes inordinately relaxed. Slight fits of an epileptic kind are not unusually among the earliest signs to excite suspicion; and these, if they occur about the time of teething, are attributed, and sometimes justly, to this cause; for ineffectual efforts to propel the teeth we look upon, as we have above remarked, to be among the most usual exciting sources of hydrocephalus. A sluggish beat and slight intermission of the pulse, are common attendants upon this state of things, which is soon however succeeded by a more than healthy quickness. This quickness, indeed, is one of the very first symptoms when the complaint is ushered in with more decided marks of inflammation, constituting the *phrenitic* hydrocephalus of some authors. A sickness, too, of the stomach, is almost invariably

an accompaniment of the inflammatory hydrocephalus ; indeed, the symptoms altogether are somewhat allied to those which in more advanced life, indicate an inflammation of the brain. But it would not be easy to enumerate all the appearances which, at various times, take place according to the different states of predisposition and difference in the producing causes ; and the medical attendant for the most part draws his inferences from that kind of comparative observation which no list of symptoms, even if accurately remembered, could so well supply. There are, however, certain prominent marks of distinction between this complaint and others, the pointing out of which will be the best way of continuing our history.

Worms in the bowels not unfrequently produce symptoms which are nearly allied to those characterizing the first stages of water in the brain ;* but when the mischief is occasioned by worms, there is, for the most part, an irritation in the nostrils, with a constant tendency in the child to pick them, and a tumid appearance in the upper lip, with a very remarkable and characteristic dark appearance under the lower eye-lids. Fœtor in the breath also, with more or less of cough, usually accompanies worms in the bowels ; and there is a great irregularity in the appetite. In cases of worms, though there may be drowsiness, there is not that peculiar heaviness indicative of hydrocephalus ; nor is there that impatience of light which marks the first periods of water in the brain. Lastly, we may mention that a common consequence of worms, or indeed of any irritation in the first passages, is a grating of the teeth in sleep, which is not an attendant upon hydrocephalus, except in its last stages.

When difficult dentition is the cause of the child's indisposition, there is, in the generality of cases, some appearance

* We have all along used the term Water in the Brain, for the disease under notice, although we are convinced with Dr. Yeats and others who have written on the subject, that effusion of a fluid is by no means necessary previously to its fatal termination. A child shall sometimes go through every stage of the complaint with some degree of regularity, and yet dissection shall fail to discover the presence of fluid in the ventricles. Dr. Cheyne, indeed, has hazarded an opinion on the subject, which we cannot but think contrary both to analogy and fact ; viz. that the effusion which has been regarded as the essence of the disease, is in some measure a remedial process, ' and that death would occur earlier, did not the fluid exude, ' and thus continue to the brain the necessary degree of support from ' within, which would have been lost by the wasting of the organ ' from the morbid action of the blood vessels.'

of inflammation about the gums; but should the general irritation occasioned by teething be merely from this source without any hydrocephalic excitement we have not that impatience of light and peculiar drowsiness, which have been just noticed as indicative of incipient hydrocephalus.

But of all the maladies incident to young persons, we think that disorder which has been termed the bilious remittent fever, is distinguished with most difficulty from the hydrocephalus. The diagnostic marks of these two diseases, are so well detailed in the late treatise of Dr. Pemberton on "*Diseases of the Abdominal Viscera*," that we shall make no apology for extracting his instructions on this head. 'In hydrocephalus internus' (says Dr. Pemberton) 'there are occasional screamings in the sleep, with a continual tossing of the hands above the head, and an intolerance of light, with more or less of squinting, but I think I may say, that in the complaint before us (remittent fever) there is hardly ever what can be called screaming, and there is seldom intolerance of light, and never squinting: and moreover, though the hands are often carried to the face, it seems to be more from an inclination to pick the skin from the lips, eyes and nose, than occasioned by the painful restlessness which attends the hydrocephalus. In the delirium of hydrocephalus the faculties are totally destroyed, and the muttering ravings of the patient are without sense or reason, and from this state he cannot be roused. But in the other species of delirium, the child during this state can at any time be recalled to his senses, which he will retain for a few minutes, acting and talking consistently. In remittent fever the appetite is destroyed: in hydrocephalus, on the contrary, the patient will take without reluctance whatever is offered, apparently making no distinction between what is palatable and what is nauseous.* The excretions of the bowels are sometimes perfectly black, and smelling like putrid mud; they are sometimes curdled with shreds of coagulable lymph floating in a dark greenish-coloured fluid. These appearances of the

* This, as scarcely ever wanting, is a most important feature in hydrocephalus. Dr. Pemberton might have added that the wasting of flesh is never in correspondence with the degree of illness. We have often found parents indulging a false hope from the circumstance of the small degree of emaciation which they discover in the little sufferer; whereas in fact this circumstance serves to confirm the unfavourable opinion of those who are in the secret of the peculiarities of the complaint. We may add that this continuance of the nutritive process serves to shew that the brain, and not the alimentary canal, is for the most part the prime and principal seat of disorder.

‘*facies* are not observed in *hydrocephalus internus*. The ‘*convulsions*,’ the author adds, ‘which attend *hydrocephalus* ‘very seldom supervene, until the patient has been labouring ‘for several days under evident indisposition, whereas they ‘often usher in the very first attack of remittent fever.’

With respect to the actual condition of the brain for the constitution of the disease—the proximate cause—as authors term it, we believe it to be somewhat different in different subjects. That there is increased arterial action and consequent venous congestion in most cases, is very probable; but neither the symptoms of the complaint, nor dissection after death, in all cases demonstrate these vascular conditions to have been actually present; and indeed it appears often to consist in that lymphatic, passive, or, as Dr. Brown would say, asthenic inflammation, which is common to scrophulous subjects, or which, at least, is engendered with more facility in these subjects by the several exciting causes upon which it may depend. For the most part, we believe, there is a constitutional predisposition to its production. One of the authors who have written on *hydrocephalus*, mentions the remarkable fact of every son of a large family falling in succession a victim to the disease, while all the daughters escaped it. Every candid theorist will confess that its pathology is often obscure.

But it is of course right in all cases sedulously to guard against the known exciting causes. In regard to blows and falls it would appear superfluous to suggest any caution; but there is one source of injury which we are strongly inclined from observation to suspect, and that is the very violent tossings which it is usual to give to young children by friends and nurses, and which, indeed, in general, are rather encouraged than forbidden by parents. It is more than probable, that in feeble subjects, who have a natural tendency to the complaint, these violent and unnatural agitations may have a great share in its actual production. Exposure to the changes of temperature, as an exciting source of constitutional derangement, it is needless to say ought to be guarded against, and the state of the stomach and bowels duly watched and regulated.

Is *hydrocephalus*, when once it has fully established itself, ever cured? On this question we entertain a kind of intermediate opinion, being hardly perhaps so sanguine as Dr. Yeats, and not so absolutely desponding as some others. We believe that effusion to any extent never takes place without the disease being almost hopeless, although by this position we do not mean to infer that the effusion is always the cause of death, which, as we have above remarked, sometimes takes place without any discernible deposite of fluid.

One of the principal difficulties connected with the treatment of hydrocephalus, is, that the complaint being in so many instances ushered in by signs which are scarcely allowed to denote an inflammatory state, the propriety of a vigorous employment of anti-inflammatory measures becomes problematical, lest they should add to the seeming debility. We believe, however, that the safer side on which to err, is, in general, that of too much, rather than too little depletion; and it can scarcely ever be wrong to have immediate recourse to two or three leeches on each temple, to general bleeding if the subject be not too young, to saline purgatives, and other antiphlogistics. Dr. Yeats recommends, and we entirely agree with him in his recommendation, 'a combined exhibition of calomel and the 'neutral salts given in small divided doses as a most powerful 'antiphlogistic;' but, of all the combinations of medicines, as applied to the state of things just supposed, that of small doses of calomel and fox-glove, appears to be the most advantageous. This combination seems, in some measure, to accomplish the double object of allaying vascular excitement, and introducing a new action into the system; which last object, we are told, is that which mercury effects, when it proves operative in the cure of hydrocephalus. With regard to blisters, we fully assent to the caution of Dr. Yeats, that 'full evacuations should be 'premised before they are had recourse to;' for we think, without this rule's being observed, that both in this disease and in others, characterized by much vascular irritation, the stimulus of the cantharides is rather hurtful than beneficial. And before mercury can with propriety or effect be introduced into the system, excepting with fox-glove in the manner just mentioned, inflammatory excitement ought to be got considerably under; for 'high action of the system,' Dr. Y. justly remarks, 'seems 'to prevent the salutary effects of mercury we have in view.' With respect to the hopes that may be entertained from mercury, we should rejoice in being able to feel the same confidence in its virtues that some physicians of great respectability have felt, and that from a conceived experience of its effects. Dobson, Percival, Rush, and others, have published cases in which a mercurial course was successfully employed; but in the hands of other individuals of equal authority and repute, it has always failed. Dr. Monro, of Edinburgh, tells us that he tried this remedy in twenty-two cases of hydrocephalus, and failed of success in every one. Its failure may perhaps be attributed to the circumstance of its being admissible or appropriate only at the time when the first morbid excitement is considerably lessened, and the danger is then always imminent. But we must here bring our remarks to a close, recollecting that we are critics rather than essayists, and that neither the design nor the limits

of the present paper will admit of any thing like a systematic dissertation either on the nature or treatment of Hydrocephalus.

If, in the course of the preceding strictures, it has appear to any reader that we entertain any prejudice against the proper employment of those remedies to which the strictures have principally referred, our language will have been a very inadequate representation of our sentiments. On the contrary, we think that the more frequent use of these remedies, in modern times, constitutes (provided it be held in due bounds) a considerable improvement in modern practice. At this very time we have under our care more than one case of protracted disease, which we verily believe would have been arrested in the very first onset, had timely and prudent attention been given to the secretions and evacuations of the bowels: so far are we from being prejudiced against purgatives. But it is one thing to be a consistent disciple, and another to be a determined devotee, of any reigning doctrine. We only wish to see things not carried too far;—to check unwarrantable generalization; and to deny that all states of morbid being from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet, are to be investigated and explained by ‘turning up the lap of the liver.’

Art. V. *An easy Introduction to the Mathematics*; in which the Theory and Practice are laid down and familiarly explained. To each subject are prefixed a brief popular History of its Rise and Progress; concise Memoirs of noted mathematical Authors, ancient and modern; and some Account of their Works. The Whole forming a complete and easy System of Elementary Instruction in the leading Branches of the Mathematics, designed to furnish Students with the Means of considerable Proficiency, without the Necessity of verbal Assistance, &c. &c. By Charles Butler, 2 vols. 8vo. pp. xlvii, 978. Price 1l. 11s. 6d. Oxford, Parker; London, Longman and Co. 1814.

THIS is not a kind of work of which it will be necessary for us to say much; but what we have to say, is, in the main, favourable. It is what it professes to be, ‘an *easy introduction to mathematics*,’ and is, strictly speaking, elementary. The first volume is devoted to Arithmetic, Logarithms, and the rudiments of Algebra, comprehending Quadratic Equations. The second is devoted to the higher branches of Algebra, (including the indeterminate analysis and infinite series,) Theoretical and Practical Geometry, Plane Trigonometry, and Conic Sections.

The Author has given novelty to his course, by prefixing to each separate branch of discussion a neat and accurate history of its rise and progress: this cannot fail to be interesting, and, in many cases, useful. In other respects, the principal recommendations of these volumes, are their perspicuity and correctness; qualities of no small estimation when the object of the work is considered.

The portion of this introduction with which we are least pleased, is, the arithmetic of circulating decimals. Mr. Butler, after the manner of Mr. Bonnycastle and several other writers, performs multiplication and division on these numbers, by first converting them into vulgar fractions; a method which is indirect, inelegant, and unnecessary. If it were necessary, when operating with the circulates, to subdivide both multiplication and division into 8 or 10 distinct rules, as was done by Birks and Vyse, it would be better to convert them into the ordinary fractions at once, than to embarrass the pupil by such a multiplicity of precepts: but when a single and obvious rule is all that is necessary for multiplying and dividing such decimals as they are, we cannot but regret that Mr. Butler has not adopted it. We regret, also, that he has not drawn up his treatise on Trigonometry, according to the best models. But, with these exceptions, he has in general succeeded well. His rules and observations respecting the properties of numbers, the higher orders of equations, and the indeterminate and Diaphantine Analysis, considering the narrow limits to which he has confined himself, are really valuable. The portion, however, of his work which we have read with the greatest pleasure, is that which relates to the conic sections. It comprises, in about 50 pages, very neat and generally simple demonstrations of the most useful properties: those of the parabola are deduced from the principle of the equality of two lines, one drawn from the focus to any point in the curve, the other drawn parallel to the axis from that point to terminate in the directrix; those of the ellipse, from the principle that the *sum* of any lines drawn from the foci to terminate in the curve, is a constant quantity; and those of the hyperbola, from the principle that the *difference* of such lines is a constant quantity.

On the whole, we are of opinion that these volumes may be useful to students. But we apprehend they deserve an especial recommendation to such as, having been educated at a public school, are afterwards engaged in the active scenes of commercial life, but are unwilling to lose the scientific knowledge they had previously acquired. They will find, in these volumes, precisely the information they need, metho-

dically arranged, and perspicuously exhibited, as well as satisfactorily demonstrated and established. The work has the farther value of being written by one who seems to cherish a regard for true religion, and a corresponding dread of scepticism and all its concomitants.

We have rarely seen a mathematical work from a country press, so handsomely printed.

Art. VII. 1. *American Unitarianism, or a Brief History of the Progress and Present State of the Unitarian Churches in America.* Compiled from Documents and Information communicated by the Rev. James Freeman, D.D. and William Wells, Jun. Esq. of Boston, and from other Unitarian Gentlemen in this Country, by the Rev. Thomas Belsham, Essex Street, London. Extracted from his "Memoirs of the Life of the Rev. Theophilus Lindsey," and now published for the Benefit of Christian Churches in this Country, without Note or Alteration. 4th Edition. pp. 48. Boston. Nathaniel Willis. 1815.

2. *The Panoplist, and Missionary Magazine.* Vol. XI. No. 6, June, 1815. Boston. Armstrong. ARTICLE. *Review of American Unitarianism.*

THE first of these pamphlets, our readers are to understand, is a republication, under Socinian auspices, we apprehend, of Mr. Belsham's account of the progress of Unitarianism in America, as given in his life of Lindsey. That account, we may conclude, is not only to be considered as an accredited document on the part of the 'Unitarian Gentlemen' who furnished materials for the Compilation, but may be taken as what they deem a highly encouraging statement, the publication of which, therefore, is likely to be of service to the cause. Viewed in this light, the Brief History is very satisfactory; inasmuch as it serves to shew with what paltry triumphs the vanity of proselytism can sometimes content itself: while, as developing the means by which the progress of Unitarianism has been effected, it affords a sufficiently intelligible illustration of its nature and essential principles.

In our review of the original work from which this Brief History is extracted,* we referred to Mr. Wells's statement, that 'there is but one professedly Unitarian chapel throughout 'New England,' as containing a virtual admission that Mr. Lindsey's correspondents had considerably over-rated, in their vaunting estimates, the extent to which Socinianism had spread.

* Eclectic Review, N. S. Vol. II. p. 122.

We had not then the means of reconciling so singular an admission with the self-gratulations of the party on the success of their tenets in the United States. It appears, however, from the review of the pamphlet in the respectable American Journal before us, that we did not take sufficiently into account the nature of the policy by which 'American Unitarians' are governed, when we supposed that the number of chapels *professedly* Socinian, was a criterion of the real progress of the tenets of Socinianism. Mr. Belsham's work indeed complains of the cowardice of the Boston Clergy in concealing their religious opinions: their conduct, however, is somewhat palliated in the following remarks.

'Can it, upon the common principles of human nature,' (the only principles, we believe, which Socinianism allows,) 'be reasonably expected of a body of clergy, nursed in the lap of ease and affluence, and placed in a station of such high secular consideration and comfort as that of the ministers of Boston, that they should come forward, and, by an open profession of unpopular truth, voluntarily risk the loss of all their temporal dignity and comfort, and incur the contempt and enmity of many who are now their warmest admirers and friends?'

Dr. Freeman, also, describing certain persons who 'content themselves with *leading their hearers* by a course of 'rational but prudent sermons, gradually and *insensibly* to 'embrace Socinianism,' adds:

'Though this mode is not what I entirely approve, yet it produces good effects.'

Mr. Wells, in his 'Letter to the Author,' further apologized at some length, for his cautious brethren; and one of his reasons in defence of them, is in striking accordance with the expression by which our reviewer characterized Socinianism.* Mr. W. pleads—

'That Unitarianism consists rather in *not* believing, and that it is more easy to gain proselytes to absurd opinions, than to make them zealous in refusing to believe.'

'The system of Socinus is a *cold negation*;—the whole secret of 'it consists in thinking meanly of Christ; and what tendency such 'a mode of thinking can have to inspire elevation or ardour, it is 'not easy to comprehend.' A singular sentence, quite coincident with this designation of Socinianism, is contained in a letter from Dr. Priestley, printed in the Appendix to the Pamphlet. Speaking of Mr. Jefferson, the Doctor says, 'He is generally considered as 'an unbeliever: *if so, however, he cannot be far from us*, and I hope 'in the way to be not only almost, but altogether what we are.'

But the American reviewer is able, from local information, to let us further into the secret. Referring to the expressions we have quoted, he indignantly exclaims—

‘Thus it is, and thus it has been for years. Knowing that the cold scepticism of Socinianism cannot satisfy the wants nor alleviate the woes of plain common-sense people, its advocates in general have not dared to be open. They have clandestinely crept into orthodox churches, by forbearing to contradict their faith, and then have gradually moulded them, by their *negative* preaching, to the shape which they would wish. The people, after a while, never hearing of the atonement, nor of special grace, nor of any of the kindred doctrines, forget that they belong to the Christian system; and, by and by, regard a man as a kind of enthusiast, or monster, who preaches such doctrines. Who does not see, that there is great cunning, and that there is great policy in all this? But then—the honesty! That is another matter. Did the holy Apostles act in this manner when they preached to Jews or heathens? Did *they* teach by *negatives*? Let those blush, who profess to follow the Apostles, and yet behave in this base, hypocritical manner! Common honesty revolts at it. The idea that a minister believes the truths of the Gospel to be of infinite importance, and still conceals them, is incompatible either with fidelity or integrity.

‘We appeal to the community at large, whether it is not a notorious fact, that candidates for the ministry, of the liberal party, generally conceal their religious opinions; and that they do this with particular care, when there is a prospect, or a hope, of their being settled over orthodox churches? We ask, also, whether it is not a notorious fact, that candidates of the orthodox school generally avow their religious opinions with the utmost frankness, and that they take particular care to do so, when there is a prospect of their being settled over churches and congregations, which are supposed to have a leaning towards modern liberality? A child can draw the inference; especially when informed that inducements of a worldly nature would often be quite as great in the latter class of cases as in the former.’

We fear, therefore, that Mr. Wells’s assertion is but too capable of being reconciled with itself; that the tenets of Unitarianism ‘have spread *very extensively* in New England, ‘but he believes there is *only one* church professedly Unitarian.’

The most melancholy and most disgraceful part of the History of ‘American Unitarianism,’ however, relates to the establishment of Socinianism in Harvard College, in the State of Massachusetts. In evidence of the fact, as alleged by Mr. Belsham, the Author of the article in the Panoplist adduces

“The class of books recommended by the Professor of Divinity in that Seminary as the best books in Theology; the manner in which

his Theological lectures are managed, and in which the exercises of the Sabbath are conducted; and a letter of consolation and encouragement written by Dr. Kirkland (the principal) to the New Unitarian Church in Philadelphia.'

The same method, it appears, is adopted to propagate heresy in this College, as is adopted by the Socinian clergy.

'System in instruction, as a positive entity, is indeed sufficiently remote from the direction of the Instructors; but that religion "which consists in *not* believing," is taught by a well concerted and uniformly executed plan of negatives. All systems but Unitarianism are openly, or secretly, impugned or ridiculed, while the "*not* believing" religion is dexterously substituted in their place.'—'The conduct of Mr. Belsham, rotten as he is, in point of doctrine, to the very core, is purity itself compared with the conduct of these men.'

We have said that these publications are, in some respects, of a satisfactory nature, as developing the genius of Socinianism, in broad contrast with the spirit, the object, and the principles of the Gospel. It is obvious with what limitation we have considered this *exposé* as satisfactory. The fact, of which we are not allowed to doubt, that Socinianism is gaining ground in some of the States of America, must excite the most poignant grief in a benevolent mind; although it is less the circumstance in itself, than its latent causes, to which importance is to be attached. A system of philosophical opinions, whether it disguise itself under the name of Christianity, or avow itself as infidelity at once, might be viewed as comparatively innoxious in its operations upon society, were it not for its alliance with the secret unbelief of the heart. It is because its prevalence indicates a diseased state of feeling, a previous deterioration of character, as it respects the principle of belief and the habits of devotion, that we have so much cause to dread its increase. 'The majority of those who are Unitarian,' says Mr. Belsham's correspondent, 'are perhaps of these sentiments, *without any distinct consciousness of being so.*' Our readers will appreciate this avowal. What inducements, indeed,—for the mind never acts without some inducement, and the idea of any super-human influence is excluded from the system,—what inducements does Socinianism in itself present, by which it might hope to make converts? Let it not be said that it possesses the attractions of Truth, and that these to a virtuous mind, should be sufficiently powerful. Truth is uniformly distinguished by the characteristics of a good, and recommends itself to the affections by its suitableness to our moral wants. But what good does a system of "*not* believing," a religion of dreary ne-

gations offer to the heart, except an emancipation from the sacred obligations of faith? It is evident that the method pursued by the 'American Unitarians,' is the only one likely to succeed. Conversion, as a moral operation upon the heart, Socinianism is incompetent to effect, since it consists in a mere change of opinion:—it is a simple intellectual conquest that it aims at; and this it most easily achieves by a method correspondent to its negative character. By separating the mind insensibly from the objects of its belief, it gradually weakens the impression of their existence, till at length indifference becomes doubt, and doubt, not long supportable to him that has once believed, drives the mind to disbelief. In this state the Socinian system offers a plausible, and, compared with open infidelity, a creditable refuge from the hauntings of conscience and the agitations of uncertainty, and thus the opinions become an easy conquest.

The author of the article in the American Journal, speaking of the progress of Socinianism in Harvard College, informs us, that

'At one commencement, that of 1813, the prayers were particularly observed, and their deficiencies noticed even by children who had been accustomed to far other devotional exercises. At the close of the day, several gentlemen of education and respectability, from different parts of the American Union, came to the unanimous conclusion, that the following *negatives* could be truly asserted concerning both the prayers, viz. That there was no mention of *sin*; of course no petition for forgiveness; no admission or implication that mankind are in a ruined state; no acknowledgement of exposedness to sin. There was no mention of *salvation*; nor the slightest allusion to any *church* as existing upon earth; nor to the holiness and happiness of heaven. There was no mention of a radical distinction among men; no admission of regeneration; no supplication for spiritual aid. There was no looking forward to a more blissful period of the world when the truth shall be universally prevalent. In one of the prayers, there was no mention of Christ, nor the most distant allusion to Him; in the other, the only mention or allusion was in the three closing words, "through our Redeemer." p. 258.

Dr. Estlin's "General Prayer Book" has not yet, we presume, reached Harvard College: or Dr. Kirkland, the President, is, perhaps, of Mr. Belsham's opinion that it is vain, and worse than vain, to attempt to reconcile the sentiments of Socinians with those of their opponents.

'Is the venerable Council, (says Mr. Belsham, alluding to the 'mutual Council by which a Mr. Sherman was dismissed from his connexion with a Society in Connecticut,)—is the venerable Council serious in stating differences so glaring and substantial as these, as

nothing more than a "peculiar phraseology" and a "circumstantial difference of sentiment?" No! no! opinions such as these can no more harmonize with each other than light and darkness, Christ and Belial. *They who hold doctrines so diametrically opposite cannot be fellow-worshippers in the same temple.* "AMER. UNIT." p. 30.

This is honest; this is manly. This is what orthodox Christians have always maintained, and have been stigmatized with illiberality for maintaining. 'For if opposite views as to the Object of worship, the ground of hope for eternity, the rule of faith and duty, and the principles and motives of true obedience; if these do not constitute different religions, we may, without much difficulty, discover some principles of union and identity, among all religions whatever; we may realize the doctrine of Pope's Universal Prayer, and extend the right hand of fellowship to the worshipper at the Mosque, and to the votaries of Brahma.'

'Mr. Wardlaw probably did not know,' (adds the Panoplist, in reference to this quotation,) 'that Pope's universal prayer had been introduced with an alteration which did not affect the sense, into the public worship of an enlightened congregation, in the most enlightened place in the world. Yes, this prayer which declares that the same God is worshipped by one whom the New Testament describes as a *Saint* or holy person, by a *Sage*, who is labouring to emit the light of philosophy from the darkness of his own benighted mind, and by a *Savage*, who is engaged in offering human sacrifices to his malignant deities;—this prayer is adopted by a Christian Assembly to be used as a hymn of praise to the true God.'

But Mr. Belsham and his friends will for once accord with us, in deprecating *such* liberality. They know that if they are not blasphemers, *Christians* must be, what they used to be styled in primitive times, idolaters. No speculations on the supposed innocency of mental error, can justify a mutual sanction of opinions 'so diametrically opposite.' And Mr. Lindsey's Correspondent, Dr. Freeman, speaks out explicitly: 'The orthodox,' he says, '*are idolaters.*' The Panoplist adds,

'Divine Saviour! what then are these ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands, around the throne of God, who say with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power and riches and wisdom and strength and honour and glory and blessing, and who rest not day nor night from this employment.'

Two more extracts from the masterly Review from which we have so freely quoted, must close this article; but we feel under no necessity of apologizing to our readers for its length. The first relates to a characteristic in the progress of Soci-

nianism in America, as respects the manner in which converts are made. It is observable that in every instance the tracts of Dr. Priestley or of Mr. Lindsey, or the labours of Mr. Hazlitt, or the works of other Unitarians, are assigned as the source and cause of success.

‘All this, to be sure, is just what the orthodox have long affirmed; Unitarianism is not spread by the *Bible*. But then, that the sect, which has such a loathing for all *systems*, and all human creeds and compositions, should depend, and acknowledge its dependence, for all its success, on the works of Priestley, Lindsey, and a few others, is not quite so consistent as one might expect. Yes, the Bible, and the Holy Spirit of God, are not once named in the whole pamphlet, as the causes of conversion to Unitarianism, or as even coadjutors in this work. The truth frequently owes its disclosure to accidents. Mr. Belsham and his Correspondents, did not mean to portray Unitarianism thus. But where there was no disguise; in the free expression of their hearts, they told the honest truth. To Priestley, Lindsey, and their co-adjutors, be all the glory of the spread of the sect. The Bible will, we apprehend, be the last to claim it.’ p. 262.

We have particular pleasure, in transcribing, as our closing extract, the following observations, relative to the spirit in which it becomes Christians to conduct themselves, in separating from Socinians, so far as respects religious fellowship.

‘Let them utter no reproaches; let them pass no hasty censures, no unchristian excommunications. Let them deal with their offending brethren in a solemn, affectionate, tender manner. Their business is to labour for the salvation of souls, not to exalt a party.’ ‘To treat their opponents with asperity, with contempt, or reproach, is unworthy of them as Christians, or as men. They must feel that their opponents have souls to be saved or lost; souls as precious as their own.’

It is deeply to be regretted, that the earnest contentions of Christians for the truth of the Gospel, should ever partake of the appearance of animosity or of want of feeling with respect to the persons of their opponents. It is difficult to imagine that persons who can repeat, with unfaltering tongue, the damnatory clauses of their creed, and even carry the spirit of that creed into their writings, really believe in the awful nature of the consequences annexed to a denial of Christ. What have ransomed criminals to do with the sentence of their Judge upon their unhappy fellow-criminals! “There is one that judgeth.”

Art. VII. *Epistles and Miscellaneous Poems.* By Thomas Grinfield, of Trinity College, Cambridge. foolscap 8vo. pp. 248. Price 7s. Gale and Co. 1815.

WE are so accustomed now-a-days to long narrative poems from the hands of no ordinary poets, that a volume of miscellanies, we fear, is likely to be received with indifference. It wants that stimulus of which epics and tragedies more peculiarly boast; that interest of a story, which, with some readers, is the principal thing. It wants, from the nature of its subjects, those strong and fiery passions, which are the very elements of lofty poetry; that development of character, which the poet has no room for introducing without actors and a story. Then, miscellanies are generally esteemed, however unjustly, the sweepings of a portfolio, on which the writer has not put forth his powers, but which he was unwilling to lose; and yet, for all this, a greater perfection and polish is expected here than in longer pieces: no flat lines, no awkward expressions, no dissonant rhymes, are overlooked; no *dormitations* of the poet pardoned.

Yet in fugitive pieces much of the most genuine poetry is to be found. Story, passion, and character, must, indeed, in a great measure, be wanting. But these 'addresses,' 'stanzas,' 'odes,' and 'songs,' are generally written on some subject that nearly touches the poet, and calls out his best and dearest feelings; written, too, in those few happy moments, when duty or habit does not stand in the place of inspiration; when the soul is awake to all kindly influences; when the eye and the ear are quick in perceiving delight, and the tongue is ready in uttering it.

Mr. Grinfield's volume forms a case in point. Here is no narrative, no strong passion, no development of character: and yet the book has interest of a very high order. It is the work of a poet, giving himself up to those gentle feelings, those social affections, which make man amiable as a friend, a brother, a son, or a husband. It is the work of a poet, composed in the ebullition of a poet's feelings, when all nature is 'beauty to his eye, and music to his ear.' No wonder that it finds a way to the heart of the reader.

The volume is of a very miscellaneous nature. The first part consists of epistles—to a school-boy friend (two), to an uncle, to Southey, to Scott,* to a young lady, to cousin.—

* These great poets, we believe, have few so sincere admirers as ourselves; and yet we could wish that the Author's partialities had not betrayed him into so frequent a repetition of their names and praises.

That to his uncle, contains a very pleasing account of an angler's day. Our readers shall enjoy both the morning and the evening. The scene is in Devonshire, about the Teign.

' But, chief, I see you in that wonted air,
Bent on your favourite sport, the fisher's care;
Such as when erst I shar'd your pleasant side,
New to the art whose rude essays I tried.
How clear, how true, how full, the vision opes!—
'Tis day-spring: wide o'er Devon's meadowy slopes
The sun, yet hovering large and low, distils
A yellow glitterance; dewy freshness fills
The soft, the speckless azure, and declares
"The season prime for sweetest scents and airs."
Now forth we fare: the pannier'd ass attends
With short still footstep: each in turn ascends;
Or, like the morning, lovely, young, and gay,
Your Emily, (while we beside her stray,)
Rides, and with sweet wild prattle cheats the way.
Or brisk discussion tracks the maze of truth,
Or some choice volume spares the search, or both;
Or the glanc'd eye with ravishment surveys
That broader, brighter volume earth displays.' p. 12.

' Homeward we wend. The moon rides bright and high;
How still the air, how beauteous is the sky!
The lands, in yellow mist, how delicate they lie!
Where on the main he pours his broadening stream,
We view far Ex like molten silver gleam
'Twixt the dark hedge-row leaves that skirt our way,
Chequering with playful shadows the soft ray.
Each creeps in musing silence; (noiseless night
And yon sweet moon to pensiveness invite;)
Not as at morn, when sprightly converse flow'd;
Now is the spirit hush, and high the mood;
And Fancy, now, and Feeling, that all day
Slept in their mystic cells, awake to play:
So the shy fay, whom garish sunlight scares,
Forth on her freaks at hour of moonshine fares.

'Tis done: once more we gain that welcome door;
There meet each dear familiar face once more;
Share the calm joys of home, the chat, the glee,
The fondness, of a clustering family.
Share, too, with keen delight and honest pride,
The unbought feast which our own toil supplied;
Then, on a well-earned couch, retrace the way,
React in dreams the pastime of the day.

Nor less to me my visionary muse
The scene, the sport, so long untried, renews;

And, conjured hence on Fancy's frolic wing,
 I seem to' have met you on the banks of Teign,
 There loitering one sweet summer's day. But see,
 The picture fades to dull reality:
 No summer!—wintry nakedness and gloom;
 No banks of Teign!—my disenchanted room,
 Whose book-row walls the flickering flame displays,
 O'er which I hang, o'er which, amidst this maze
 Of twilight musings lost, I roll the 'unconscious gaze.'

pp. 16, 17.

The two epistles to a friend, more particularly paint the Author's mind, passionately devoted to classical literature and natural scenery. The first, after mentioning his rambles through most parts of these 'sister isles,' represents him as still insatiate of travel. The second is a kind of *palinodia*; the writer is settled down into a married man, and a parish priest.

We are aware that the writer is not apt so soon to be tired of home pictures and personal feelings as the reader; but we are mistaken if the reader experiences any weariness of this kind from this volume. These pictures of the Author's mind, and his domestic attachments, are so delicately and delightfully touched, and withal are relieved with so extensive a background of natural scenery and moral sentiment, that we take the same interest in Mr. G.'s fire-side, as in that of an elegant and hospitable friend.

We next come to his 'Miscellaneous Poems' and 'Addresses.' A little piece, called 'Memory,' is extremely elegant. We give it nearly entire.

'How beautiful the scenes that rise,
 Sweet Keswick, on thy wanderer's view!
 Yet lovelier still their image lies
 Upon thy Derwent's mirror blue:

'Yes, lovelier in thy lake appears
 The bordering shade, the varied vale;
 And there a magic tint endears
 Ev'n the grim peaks of Borrowdale.

'Remembrance, (there in emblem shown,)
 Thus to the mind's reverted eye
 With coloring, fairer than its own,
 Presents each past reality.' p. 59.

'Sweet were the days—too sweet to last!
 That saw me, warm in youthful prime,
 Pursue my pilgrimage of taste
 Thro' tracts of beauteous and sublime.

' Sweet were the days ! but sweeter, now,
 Their memory, mellow'd in the mind,
 Rekindling rapture's purest glow,
 And leaving kindred pains behind.

' When fall the yellow nights of June,
 Lone wandering, to myself I've said,
 " At such an hour, with such a moon,
 I sought Helvellyn's wonderous head :

" " There what a sight the new-born day
 Disclos'd !"—In that inspiring thought
 The feverish toil, the clambering way,
 The gasp and ache were all forgot.'

' And oft, in summer's evening walk,
 And oft, at winter's social hearth,
 How sweet of far-off friends to talk,
 And fondly paint their varied worth !

' Nor chide your bard, nor heartless deem
 Or churlish, ye that share his breast,
 If lovelier than yourselves ye seem,
 By memory's partial pencil dress'd :

' She takes you in some happier mood,
 Such as, methinks, ye still shall wear
 When, mortal frailties all subdued,
 Ye mix with natures heavenly fair.

' Hail, memory! sweet enchantress, hail !
 Still may thy soft reflected rays,
 Oh still, as heretofore, prevail
 To bless and beautify my days !' pp. 60—62.

The quotation is very long, but our readers would not pardon us, did we not make room for the whole of ' Killicrankie.'

' This is the place ; here pause we. How those woods
 Down to the vale, where Garrie brawls along,
 Seem hurrying from their height ! and how the eye
 Plunges amidst their gulphs on gulphs of green,
 Delighted ! Beauty, here, and grandeur, thron'd
 As in their shrine, our pilgrim's homage ask.
 Yet what is beauty, what is grandeur here ?—
 Who, in Thermopylæ's bleak pass, would mark
 Aught of material circumstance, the crags
 Of Ceta, or the dash of senseless waves ?
 And who, in Killicrankie's proud defile,
 Slights not the charm of hanging shades, and turns
 His mind's eye backward, thro' the mist of years,
 To that brave day, when, hot with hope to 'avenge
 Their James unthroned, and check the' Usurper's pride,

On death determined, or on deathless fame,
But destined this to' inherit, that to deal,
Here, with his little hero band, Dundee
Fell conquering? Yes, I see them: dark the sky,
To suit the scene so dark; where, gaunt and grim,
Famish'd and furious, from their northern holds,
Like wolves, like lions, rush those mountaineers,
Burning for battle. Sudden they descry,
(Not in tame prudence waiting his advance,)
The foe; and with a shout of horrid joy
Startle the mountain echoes. Tumult, straight,
Turns to fair soldier-like array, and calm
Considerate rage; and well behoves them now;
For now, a sevenfold multitude, the foe
Fronts them. And hark, the volley'd thunder! see
The glen in smoke and sulphur all involv'd!—
The gale has clear'd it now; the hosts emerge:
Those glorious rebels with their dread claymores
Grapple in fiercer onset, and amain
The rich death-harvest reap. Where now the pomp
Of lowland chargers, that so well sustain'd
The roar and lightning of their musquetry,
But brook not, now, the broadsword clash, not, now,
The ghastlier glare of blood? Oh, what a sea
Of battle boils and billows, pent betwixt
These mountain jaws! how like a spring-tide swell
Yon Highlanders roll in as on a host
Of swimmers, faint, and yielding to the death!
August, endearing proof, that valour, thus
On patriot principle and national zeal
'Stablish'd, may quell the multitudinous might
Of loath'd invasion,—quell with few! Lo, there
His handful of high-hearted volunteers
Dumbarton hurls; the' artillery's captur'd: here,
Spurring upon the thickest, hottest fight,
Græme with his hundred,—Græme, himself head, soul,
Life-blood of that small body,—routs Mackay
With all his brigades, all his chivalry,
Hir'd from the South. There what an eye, o'erbuilt
With what a brow! like the red flash that breaks
The long dark thunder cloud: what high disdain,
What desperate anger! who shall bear its glance?
Well may it blast and wither all the strength
And spirit of that poor time-serving host,
English, or awed by England. While we gaze,
That eye is quench'd in death: he falls, he falls,
Glorying; for, all around, the field is won,
And Victory hovers o'er him with her crown
Of laurel: such the work of good claymores!
Twelve hundred foemen pile the sacrifice
Crown'd by Dundee; his friends, the most part, stand,

Yet fain, (if heaven permitted,) to resign
 Triumph so dear-bought: shouts are sunk in groans;
 The rich red cup of vengeance, flavoured else,
 'Tis pall'd, 'tis bitter'd to their lips; for who,
 Who, like the Græme, to glory leads their wrath?
 But time soon mellows that regret away,
 Soon leaves, unmix'd, the joy. His deed, his death,
 Hath hallow'd, hath eterniz'd, yonder scene,
 So quiet now: hath fill'd it, to the eye
 Of lingering fancy, with far other sight
 Than of that meadowy glen by tufted steeps
 O'erbrow'd; hath fill'd it, to her ear, with sounds
 Far other than the voice of sheep, and birds,
 And Garrie in his everlasting flow;—
 Garrie, now pure, but how discolored erst
 With gore and trampling!—Spirit-stirring scene
 Adieu: thou claim'st the feelings of an hour
 From every pilgrim; I have paid thee mine.' pp. 64—68.

The 'sea-side contemplation' is a beautiful piece, smelling fresh of the sea. Mr. G., we think, has an ear peculiarly tuned for blank verse: indeed, his rhymed couplets we hardly know how to approve; the perpetual recurrence of the triplet and alexandrine, and the too frequent carrying on of the sense from one couplet to another, so entirely destroy the common cadences of rhyme, that the rhyme itself often seems like a troublesome and unskilful interruption. The blank verse is perpetually varied, and always musical.

The Author, in the 'sea-side contemplation,' supposes himself indulged with an opening to the submarine world.

'Oh that, in an ark
 Of crystal, like old Merlin, I could reach
 The sea-roots, and, in emerald light, survey
 The' august invisibilities beneath!

'Ev'n now methinks I pierce
 Those realms: around me rocks and mountains rise,
 In outline more fantastic than the clouds
 Of evening; nor less various in their hues;
 And of such unapproached bulk, that Alps
 Or Andes, mix'd with these, were shrunk, were dwarf'd.
 For every isle that on the desert brine
 Shews its green front, yea each huge continent,
 What is it but the' emerging ridge or peak
 Of mountains, whose immeasurable sides
 Lurk in the waves they girdle round, whose feet
 Are stablish'd in the central core of earth?
 Where, all below the plunge of diving whale,
 Below the search of fathoming plummet, plains
 And valleys, ampler far than these terrene,

Spread coextensive with the' o'erspreading main.
 Part, openest champaign, where above, perchance,
 Rolls the Pacific or the' Atlantic; part,
 By many a strange and fearful precipice
 O'erbeetled, narrowest, deepest, darkest glens,
 As where those clustering Cyclades inlay
 The' Ægean, or Azonian Pico towers,
 Or Otaheite midst her islet groupe
 Sits, like a Nereid with her nymphs begirt,
 Smiling.—Nor deem these sea-lands unadorn'd;
 But thick with forests here, and groves, and bowers,
 Of coral, some smooth-rinded and of clear
 Unvarnish'd red, some pale and grey, and rough
 With fretwork delicately fair beyond
 What the light Gothic chisel best hath wrought:
 While meads of sea-weed, numberless in kinds
 And colours, there, delicious pasturage
 Spread for the grazing dwellers of the deep.
 Add banks of sponge, soft as the tenderest moss:
 Myriads of shells, for flowers, with rainbow tints
 Or fleck'd or stain'd, and o'er the wrinkly sands
 Now scatter'd, now in many a curious grot
 Embedded thick.—Castles, beside, and towers,
 And streets, and squares, with sparkling diamonds rich
 And pearly dimness, rich with silver ore
 And golden; begging all the pomp and wealth
 Of Rome, or Cairo, or old Babylon:
 Arches, that might bestride Missouri's wrath,
 Where, conqueror-like, his broad brown waters roil
 On Mississippi, forcing the pure flood,
 (Tho' king of earthly rivers,) many a league
 To wear his sullying hue: then pyramids,
 Dwindling to insignificance of bulk
 And age the piles of Memphis: collonnades,
 Vaults, obelisks, and cathedral cupolas,
 Mocking whate'er Religion, in her frauds,
 Gay with the spoils of superstitious Fear,
 Hath built, or Eastern pride; worthiest of gaze
 And wonder and loud fame; capacious too
 Of millions; in unconscious loneliness
 Lost, and death-silence, and perpetual night.' p. 74—77.

A beautiful fancy piece!

We would gladly have quoted the piece called 'The seasons painting the year;' and indeed, several others; but our limits forbid.

We could almost have wished that 'Fancy and Reason' had been omitted: such long Allegories have something childish about them, and the subject of this is not particularly original.

At the end of the volume is a blank-verse translation of the sixth book of the *Æneid*, offered 'as a specimen of a translation which nothing but an assurance of public approval could encourage the Author to complete and publish.' Most sincerely do we wish that the Author may receive other tokens of 'public approval' than our *sympathy*: that he certainly has. Every reader of Dryden and Pitt must be aware, we suppose, how very inadequate English rhyme is to the expression of the delicate beauties of Virgil. No one, we venture to say, has felt these beauties more than Mr. G.: few are so well qualified to convey them to an English reader. We have room but for a short citation.

'Full in the vestibule and jaws of hell
Sorrow has pitch'd her tent, and vengeful Care,
And pale Disease, and melancholy Age,
And Fear, and Famine prompting deeds accurst,
And loathsome Want; shapes terrible to sight;
Labour, with these, and Death, and Sleep, of Death
Half-brother, and the stealthy joys of Guilt,
And War life-lavish, and the Furies rack'd
On iron beds, and Discord, wild of soul,
Her snaky tresses wreath'd with blood-red band.
In midst of these, her arms an elm dispreads,
Dark, antique, vast; resort of æry dreams,
(So rumour'd) clustering every leaf beneath,
And many a savage form: for Centaurs here,
Kennell'd beside the portal, scowl; and there
Scyllas of shape ambiguous; hundredfold
Ægeon; Lerna's monster, hissing dire;
Chimæra, mail'd in flame; the Gorgon brood,
The Harpies, and the triply-member'd Shade.
Æneas, here, with panic horror thrill'd,
His falchion clench'd; against the' advancing throng
Waved it unscabbarded; and,—but that she,
His sage conductress, taught him how the ghosts,
(Thin hollow semblances of living form,)
Flit bodiless,—with frustrate onset he
Had hewn in sunder those impassive shapes.' pp. 207, 208.

Art. VIII. *A Sermon, preached at Leeds, April, 16, 1815, on Occasion of the Execution of Mr. Joseph Blackburn, Attorney at Law, for Forgery: with Details of Conversations with him during his Imprisonment.* By Richard Winter Hamilton, Minister of Albion Chapel, Leeds. pp. 62. price 1s. 4th Edition. Longman and Co. London. 1815.

IF this Sermon can be the means of doing any good, it will be, we suspect, in a manner very different from that which

the Author intended. As a beacon to guard young preachers against a rock upon which Mr. Hamilton seems unfortunately to have split, it may, perhaps, prove a very useful discourse, and its Author may ultimately have rendered essential service to the religious public for having preached and published it; but in no other conceivable way can either reviewers or readers contract a debt of gratitude to the preacher. In this respect, indeed, the Sermon before us has no contemptible chance for immortality; for the English language certainly cannot afford so admirable a specimen of almost all the qualities which a sermon ought *not* to possess, in combination with so lamentable a dearth of all that it *should*. It is not characterized either by depth of reasoning, or by originality or beauty of illustration. It is not distinguished by the evangelical tone of its sentiment, nor by the fervour, or simplicity, or correctness, of its composition. It is essentially deficient in a display of that melting compassion for the souls of men, in those close and pungent addresses to their consciences, without which it may rationally be expected that all sermons will be preached in vain. It exhibits no sparklings of genius, in the best sense of the term; no taste but of the lowest and most vitiated kind; and no talent but an astonishing adroitness in crowding together a multitude of hard words, which many of his audience had never previously heard, and which the far greater proportion could not understand.

The grand fault in the composition of this singular production is *obscurity*; arising, we conceive, from two causes; viz. the miserable and despicable pedantry to which we have just alluded, and the writer's own indistinctness of conception. He is too aspiring to tread in the common and every day track of thought, and too feeble to clear out a new path for himself, so that he loses himself, and his readers also. There are innumerable passages in the Sermon, which, even if rendered into plain English, would convey no distinct ideas to the reader's mind, and for the very best reason in the world, because the writer had no distinct ideas to convey. He has aimed at being original, and by pouring out obscurity and absurdity, has, unfortunately for himself in every sense of the word, adopted the worst method he could have devised for becoming so; for we beg leave to hint to Mr. H. that these qualities are by far too common in the present day to confer upon him any prescriptive claim to originality. But the characteristic defect of this discourse, are the barbarous and pedantic expressions with which it abounds. The Author has used such an unparalleled license in this respect, that we could almost imagine his sole aim in writing some of the inimitable paragraphs with which he has favoured us, was

to see how many uncouth terms and phrases, he could crowd together in a given space, for the amusement of his readers.

The text of this Sermon is James i. 15. "When lust hath conceived it bringeth forth sin, &c." and to substantiate our preceding charge, we shall lay before our readers the following single extract, only premising, that if it be not thought sufficient, they may turn to almost any part of the Sermon itself, and read till they are convinced, which will certainly be the case before they shall have proceeded through many pages. To illustrate the progressive nature of sin, Mr. H. says,

"If the character throws itself in any particular attitude, it is difficult to recover the natural posture; and though the singularity might arise merely from an accidental cause, yet it may require some lengthened process to rectify. Through the influence of habit, *feeling may strain it from its native scope, and the powers of the constitution be wrenched from their original sockets. The machinery of the mind, as it is first thrown into action, works through a roughness of wheel and stubbornness of spring, with jarring and confounding attrition; but when the action is continued, the philosophic chimera of perpetual motion is realized and confirmed.* And when habits are formed upon evil passions and principles, it is impossible to calculate on their mischievous extent. We have then to grapple, not merely with the strength of our depravity, *but with the disadvantages of a prepared barrier and circumvallation.* We have then to resist, not an enemy conscious of its injustice, but a commonwealth that relies upon precedent and is regulated by law. Ah! the will is always volatile to sin, why should we then fan its heats and accelerate its impulse? The mind always gravitates to evil, why then should we multiply its tendency by additional weight and bias? *Who would add momentum to an avalanche from the Andes, or wing with more cruel speed the bolt that hisses from the secret place of thunder?*"

We will not disguise that we have read the whole of this Sermon with extreme dissatisfaction, and some passages in it with strong feelings of indignation; nor that the preceding remarks were written in all the bitterness of disappointed hope. Perhaps some of our readers may think we should have treated Mr. H. with more gentleness on account of his youth and inexperience. To this we reply, that there are peculiarities connected with this case, which justify, and even require, the utmost severity of criticism. It is not the exuberance of genius of which we complain, nor the flights of a warm and vivid imagination, which a youth of one and twenty could scarcely be expected to restrain: these faults would have much more easily admitted of palliation and excuse. But it is a wretched and pedantic attempt to appear a man of talent, by the com-

plete sacrifice of every pretension to taste, and of every prospect of doing good to the souls of men. Had the Sermon been preached on an ordinary occasion, we might have been disposed to treat it rather more leniently; but it was delivered, as we have understood, in the presence of 10,000 persons. Surrounded by a multitude much larger in all probability than the preacher will ever be called to address again, a multitude who, in the affecting tragedy they had just witnessed, had seen the evil of sin exhibited in the most vivid colours;—possessed of the finest opportunity that could offer for arousing their slumbering consciences, and directing them to the Saviour, with impression and effect;—it was in these circumstances that Mr. H. chose to pronounce a discourse, unintelligible to most of his hearers, and to which the remaining few must have listened, if they could listen to it at all, with anguished feelings for the folly and deep culpability of the speaker.

This, however, is not the whole amount of Mr. H.'s indiscretion. It might be supposed that ignorance and inconsideration had led to the preaching of this discourse; that being himself a young man of reading and information, he might not have been aware that the terms of art and science would place him above the comprehension of his hearers. But we are grieved that he cannot have the benefit of this excuse. In that respectable seminary from which he so lately emerged, he must have been followed with remonstrance upon remonstrance; and he has no doubt received from estimable and venerable friends, to whose judgement he was bound to pay deference, many faithful and solemn assurances of the absolute necessity of a total change in his style of preaching. But it augurs very unfavourably of Mr. H.'s modesty and spirit, that not content with preaching, he has proceeded to publish and to issue, notwithstanding the remonstrances he must have received, edition after edition of the Sermon upon which we have thus animadverted.

We have dwelt upon this unworthy production longer than we should have done, for the benefit of young preachers. How unaccountable soever the fact may be, we hear that Mr. H. is very popular in the neighbourhood of Leeds; and as popularity is a dangerous snare even to a well regulated mind, we have felt some little apprehension lest even his manner of preaching should produce imitators.

We have no apology to offer Mr. H. for what he may deem the severity of our remarks. A sense of duty has impelled the whole of them. We wish he may profit by the general castigation he has received, and have only to add, in parting, "Go and sin no more, lest a worse thing come to thee."

Art. IX. *An Historical Sketch of the Translation and Circulation of the Scriptures from the earliest Period to the present Times*: including an Account of the Origin and Progress of the British and Foreign Bible Society; and intended as an Illustration of the Principles and Importance of Bible Institutions. By the Rev. W. A. Thomson, and the Rev. W. Orme, Secretaries to the Perthshire Bible Society. 8vo. pp. 172. Price 3s. Perth. (Sold for the Benefit of the Parent Institution.) 1815.

WE have particular pleasure in noticing this pamphlet, as one which will be valuable to the biblical student, considered independently of the controversy with which it is more immediately connected. The Rev. Gentlemen by whom it is written, are well known in the provincial town in which they reside, as able and useful ministers of the Gospel; and though the one is in the Established Church, and the other among the Dissenters, they stand fast in one spirit, striving together for the faith of the Gospel. As Secretaries of the Perthshire Bible Society, no men could by their zeal and Christian wisdom have rendered more essential service to the noble cause in which they are engaged.

The British and Foreign Bible Society has received, from its commencement, the most liberal support from the clergy and people of Scotland; and let it be recorded to the credit of a land, whose illustrious Reformers have made the Bible the common inheritance of all her children, that all denominations of Christians, how divided soever they may be in religious and political sentiments, have looked upon this institution as a rallying point, and have felt its influence to be a bond of union. Unlike the Norries and the Marshes of South Britain, who have wasted their time and spent their strength in advancing futile objections against the mere circulation of the Scriptures without note or comment, they seem scarcely to have imagined that there could be two opinions respecting a duty so evident and conspicuous. Strongly attached as they are to the Presbyterian form of Church government, they could have no objections to unite with Episcopalians and other religious denominations, in their endeavours to extend the circulation of that divinely inspired book, on which they believe the doctrines and the discipline of their Church to be founded; since they very naturally supposed, that the more extensively the Bible shall be known, the more will Presbyterianism enlarge its influence. We do not fear, say the most rigid adherents to the Ecclesiastical polity of Calvin, and of Knox, that our Church will be in danger, by giving the Sacred Writings to every people in their own tongue, because we are verily persuaded, that if these writings contain any form of Church government, that

form is ours. Why do not the high Episcopalian party universally reason after the same mode? If they are thoroughly persuaded that Episcopacy is the *only* apostolic form of Church government, and that no other is to be found in the New Testament, ought they not, in order to be consistent, to be the more zealous for the general circulation of the Sacred Scriptures? If the Bible contains Episcopacy only, why fear that the cause of Episcopacy will be endangered by its circulation?

Unfortunately, the pamphlets of such men as Norris and Marsh, have found their way into Scotland; and though it can scarcely be said that they have disturbed the harmony of sentiment and feeling respecting the British and Foreign Bible Society, they have furnished a few uninformed individuals with something in the way of objection which had not otherwise occurred to them. After making every inquiry, we find that these are chiefly, (with one exception, which we shall presently notice,) connected with the Episcopal Church; and that to members of this communion, both in the North and in the South, is reserved, almost exclusively, the glory or the shame of opposing the circulation of the Sacred Volume without either note or comment. We shall make no remark on this singular fact; but while we leave our readers to form their own judgments respecting it, we cannot help observing with sorrow, that it gives too much countenance to the opinions of the Reformers, that the English Establishment has retained too much of the spirit of that Church from whose communion she has withdrawn.

There is recorded, however, in the pamphlet before us, one extraordinary exception to the zeal and harmony with which the clergy of the Church of Scotland have supported the British and Foreign Bible Society. We feel no disrespect for the Reverend gentlemen concerned; and while we record in the language of the Secretaries of the Perthshire Bible Society, a circumstance of which many, if not all of them, have long been ashamed, we do it from no motives but those of preventing others from being influenced by their example, and of exciting themselves to an open acknowledgement of their error by zealously co-operating in the circulation of the Holy Scriptures. Though the passage is long, we cannot do justice to the cause without quoting it at full length.

'In all his Majesty's dominions, there is but one body of Christians, possessed of influence and public responsibility, which in its corporate capacity, and after deliberate discussion, has disapproved of supporting the British and Foreign Bible Society. We blush to say that that body is to be found in Scotland;—in Scotland, celebrated every where, for a well educated and intelligent population,

and for vigorous exertions in vindicating the purity of the faith. We blush to say that it is to be found in the *Church of Scotland*—a Church long distinguished for soundness of doctrine, for independence of sentiment, and for zeal in promoting the knowledge of the Scriptures. At a meeting of the Provincial Synod of Merne and Tiviotdale, 24th of October, 1809, it was overtured, that a collection be made within its bounds, for the benefit of the Society. The decision of the court upon it was as follows. “The Synod, though deeply sensible that the diffusion of Christianity among idolaters, who are altogether unacquainted with it, and also among professing believers, to whom it is imperfectly known, is an object most desirable; yet are of opinion, that the plan proposed for attaining this object, by circulating translations of the Holy Scriptures among different nations, in their respective languages, can be of no service, until the people, into whose hands these translations are put, shall be enabled to read them; and therefore refuse to appoint a collection to be made in the churches within their bounds, for the end proposed in the overture.”

‘This decision was given, after an able, clear, and impressive sermon was preached upon the subject, by the Moderator of the Court; after solemn prayer for light and direction in conducting the business which might come before it; and after prolonged and serious discussion on the merits of the overture. It was given by a body of men who had bound themselves to consult, in all such questions, the glory of God and the good of his Church; who daily in private, and weekly in public, pray that the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified; and it has been obstinately adhered to in the face of a positive recommendation of the General Assembly!!!

‘This document, which is the only one of its kind in the records of the Church of Scotland, contains a condemnation of the British and Foreign Bible Society, the most extraordinary, perhaps, that can be conceived to come from an Assembly of Divines in this enlightened kingdom. Various individuals, principally from among the men of the world, have stated objections, chargeable, some of them, with ignorance, others with absurdity, others, with bigotry, and others, with presumption; but in none, perhaps, that have yet appeared, have all these qualities been found so delectably united, as in this deliberate effort of the concentrated wisdom of the Reverend Synod. It proceeds upon two assumptions: first, that the translation of the Scriptures into the language of a people who cannot read it, can be of no service; and secondly, that the people, in foreign nations, into whose hands the translation of the Scriptures is to be put, are not able to read them. We hesitate not to say that both of these originate in ignorance.

‘Had the Gentlemen who framed and approved of the decision, been acquainted with the subject, they would have known that the Armenian, the Gothic, and the Gaelic Scriptures, were among the first, if not the very first books, that were written and printed in these languages; and that instead of being of *no service*, they

were of the *greatest service* to the people. From the importance of the subject which they brought within their reach, they stimulated them to acquire a knowledge of their respective languages, and in this manner improved, at once, both their temporal and their spiritual interests. Those, then, ought to stand high among the benefactors of mankind, who produce such translations. By all liberal Christians, in every age, will the names of Miesrob, who first translated the Scriptures into Armenian, of Ulphilas, who first translated them into Gothic, and of the Rev. James Stewart, who first translated them into Gaelic, be held in veneration. The ignorance of bigotry may condemn such labours as of *no service*, but an enlightened people will award them their merited meed of praise.

But the other assumption of the Rev. Synod is equally chargeable with incorrectness, nay, it is notoriously false. The Society never has either attempted or proposed to circulate translations among people who could not read them. And if the members of the court, who thought so, had any private information that this was the case, surely was their duty to have investigated the matter, before they allowed such an assertion to go into their records, pass into the world, and be disseminated among their people, with the sanction of their authority. This was obviously and imperiously incumbent on them, because the assumption carries in it a foul slander on the understanding and good sense of some of the first and most learned characters of the age. It represents them as giving away Bibles without discrimination, without regard to any rational end; and thus indulging a wanton prodigality in disposing of the funds, which a generous people has committed to their trust. It is true, the Society overlooks these calumnies of uninformed men, with the dignified silence of integrity. But, as such calumnies attach a species of discredit to the country whence they derive their origin, they ought to be publicly protested against, and stigmatized by all who are alive to its respectability.

It must be gratifying to the friends of the Bible Society in general, and to the Christian inhabitants of Merse and Tiviotdale in particular, that the lay brethren in these quarters, have taken the subject into their serious consideration, and established Bible Societies in various places, that all who find themselves inclined may have an opportunity of gratifying their feelings in this respect. The circumstances in which the Societies have come into being, augur well of their prosperity, and reflect the highest honour on the noblemen and gentlemen who projected them, and assisted at their institution. The outvoted minority of the Synod, will unquestionably support them; and even the majority may be expected to join them, when certain feelings shall have subsided, and a due measure of light broken in upon them, and dispelled the spectres of prejudice.' pp. 166—171.

We repeat, that the pamphlet before us is extremely valuable to the biblical student; and that the information it com-

tains is highly creditable to the learning of its Authors. In the Sections it gives an able and interesting account of the circulation of the Old Testament before the Christian era;—of the circulation of the Scriptures from the beginning of the Christian era till the middle ages;—of the state of religion, and scarcity of the Scriptures, during the middle ages, till the invention of printing;—of the period which intervened from the invention of printing till the Reformation;—of the period between the Reformation and the eighteenth century;—of the state of religion in Great Britain, from the period of the Commonwealth to the present time;—of the circumstances which led to the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society;—of the leading transactions of the British and Foreign Bible Society, taken from the printed reports of the Institution;—of the claims which the Bible Societies, in this kingdom, have on the countenance and support of sincere Christians;—and on the indifference, or positive hostility, which Bible Societies have met with from those who ought to support and countenance them.

We greatly admire the candour and Christian spirit with which the whole work is conducted; and this, in such a warfare, is no small merit. It is, indeed, extremely difficult to repress that indignation, which every liberal and well regulated mind must feel, in contemplating the laborious efforts of men professing Christianity, to render dubious one of the clearest duties of religion. We have no hesitation in saying that the book before us is fully intitled to rank with the works of Milner and of Dealtry in the same cause.

Art. X. *Dissertation on the Dragon, Beast, and False Prophecy of the Apocalypse*; in which the Number 666 is satisfactorily explained. And also a full Illustration of Daniel's Vision of the Ram and He-Goat. By J. E. Clarke. 8vo. pp. 400. price 10s. 6d. Ogles and Co. 1814.

IN a former number we reviewed at some length, Mr. Paine's singular production on the subject of Prophecy. This is a Dissertation of a much more sober cast. Mr. Clarke does not, indeed, address himself to our curiosity, by inviting us to come and behold the fall of 'the last tyrant, who is to reign in the times of the nations;' he does not surprise us so much by his exploits of discovery;—but he treats more judiciously of subjects which no believer in the inspiration of the Apocalypse can consider as devoid of interest.

By those who have a taste for lighter reading only, Mr. Clarke's book will doubtless be esteemed dry and abstruse; but to those who have paid adequate attention to the inspired prophecies, it will be considered, not only as displaying

derable talent in the investigation of the subjects discussed, out as affording much interesting information. A large proportion, it must be admitted, respects the follies and whims of critics and commentators, and may be thought superfluous, so far as the argument is concerned; but this very part enhances the value of the work. We cannot agree with the Author in many of his explanations; yet we have read his work with some degree of satisfaction, and think he has succeeded in throwing additional light on some of the obscure subjects which he undertakes to illustrate.

The Dissertation commences with an attempt to determine what is to be understood by *counting* "the number of the Beast;" and he concludes that the phrase—"For it is the number of a man"—is not equivalent to—"It is a mode of numbering practised among men,"—but is fully satisfied that 'it is a man that is to be numbered.'

Having shewn in his first chapter, that "the number of the Beast" is to be calculated according to some mode of numbering with which men are acquainted, the Author proceeds to consider the different modes of computation among the ancients, in order to discover, if possible, in what way the Beast's number should be reckoned. Unless it was for amusement, and to shew what wise men there were in former days, the greater part of this chapter might have been spared. He here presents us three views of the modes of numbering prevalent in ancient times; and though it is the last mode only that applies immediately to the numbering of the Beast, yet, a slight glance at the whole may not be uninteresting, more especially as it may serve to teach us the value, not only of piety, but also of sound learning and of common sense, and of the importance of the union of the three, in explaining the sacred volume, by shewing us what sort of critics and commentators the good old Christian Fathers were.

It is a well known fact, that long before the commencement of the Christian era, the Greeks held *numbers* in very high veneration. Pythagoras, who lived upwards of 500 years before the incarnation, appears to have been the first who reduced the mystery of numbers into some sort of system; and Plato, who flourished about a century later, put himself to incredible pains in explaining the Pythagorean mysteries with respect to numbers. The Pythagorean and the Platonic philosophers held, that God, our souls, and all things in the world, proceeded from numbers; and that from their harmonies all things were produced. Pythagoras divided numbers into two orders, one of which is finite, or uneven, the other, infinite, or even. Of all the numbers under which a mystery, or mysteries were supposed to be couched, the Pythagoreans appear

to have had the greatest predilection for the numbers *Three*, *Four*, *Seven*, *Nine*, and *Ten*. Of each of these, the most extravagant things were said. Plato and others made a subtle distinction between the numbers *Seven* and *Nine*; supposing the former to influence the body, and the latter, the mind. The Heathen Deities also had peculiar numbers assigned them. *One*, was called the number of the chief god; *Two*, that of *Pallas*; *Three*, that of *Minerva*; *Four*, that of *Apollo*, &c. Hence grass, or a flower that has a particular number of leaves clustered together, was consecrated to that god to whom that number was appropriated.

‘It was not among the heathen nations of the Greeks and Romans exclusively, that the science of particular numbers was studied; for even the primitive Christians themselves carried it to as great, if not greater extent than any other people, the Jews and Arabs alone excepted. There is scarcely a number in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments which they did not imagine to have some great mystery concealed under it! Take one instance. St. Augustine, concerning the number *six*, says, that ‘God created all things in six days, to denote that every thing was done in the most perfect manner, for six is the least perfect number known; the sum of its aliquot parts being equal to itself.’

‘Another mode of mystical numbering of great antiquity, was by counting the number of letters in a person’s name, or the number of letters in a particular phrase or set of words. Thus *Capella*, who lived in the age of Julius Cæsar, calls *Pallas*, *ἑπτα*; in numbers, ‘seven in number,’ because *Minerva*, the name by which this heathen goddess was commonly known, consists of seven letters.’

‘A third mode of mystic numbering which was very common, not only among the Greeks, but also the Jews and Arabs, consisted in collecting the numerical values of the letters of a particular word or phrase into one sum, and substituting it in the place of the name; or two words or phrases were found which contain the same number, and arguing from their numerical equality, a mystic reference to each other was most commonly imagined. This last kind of computation, was called by the Greeks, *ισοψηφία*, on account of the identity of number just spoken of.’

This is the sort of mystic numbering which is applicable to the name of the Beast. “Here is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast; for it is the number of a man; and his number is six hundred, three score and six.”

This mode of numbering, especially in Divine communications, may, at first sight, seem strange to those who have little acquaintance with any practices, but those of their own age and country; yet, upon mature reflection, there is nothing more strange or unnatural in this, than in many usages among ourselves, particularly in heraldry. That it should please the

Deity to reveal his will and purposes, according to the known and established practices of the age and people to whom the prophecies were first communicated, is no more surprising, than that he should condescend, to reveal himself at all, in any way or in any language by which men have agreed to communicate their ideas to each other. That this mode of numbering has been used by folly, and that even in pious persons, who have employed an inane ingenuity upon it, forms no greater objection against its proper use, than would lie against the use of common language on account of the abuse it has undergone. An example or two will convey to the reader an idea of the grave trifling of some of the ancient Christians on this subject.

‘The most ancient example of the *isodina* upon record, produced by any of the Christians, is that found in the general epistle of Barnabas,* the companion of St. Paul, respecting the number 318. This writer says, that Abraham circumcised all the servants of his household, 318 in number, as a type of Christ crucified. In explication of this assertion, he addresses his Christian readers in words to the following effect: “Wherefore learn, my children, chiefly above all things, that Abraham at first circumcised in spirit; for, having a reference to the Son, he circumcised; receiving at the same time the doctrine of *The Three Letters*. For it is said, that Abraham circumcised of his household males to the number of 10, 8, and 300. What information, then, is designed to be conveyed by this? Learn, therefore, that the eighteen are mentioned first, and afterwards the three hundred. Now, in the letters that stand for eighteen, that is to say, in *iota* and *eta*, you have Jesus; and in the three hundred, that is to say in the T (*tau*,) the figure of the cross. Thus Abraham typifies Jesus by two letters, and the cross by one!”

‘Clemens Alexandrinus remarks, in addition to Barnabas, that Abraham routed his enemies by virtue of the number 318; and he further adds that Ten is allowed on all hands to be perfect, and that Eight is the first cube, and is equal in all its dimensions of length, breadth, and depth.’

If the reader wish for more edification from this sort of learning, we would recommend to him Mr. C.’s book, where he will find much of this curious illustration, both by wise Greeks, and cabalistic Rabbins!

Having produced an inexpugnable body of evidence in favour of the great veneration that the ancient Greeks and Jews had for numbers, and given a great variety of examples, in support of the species of mystic numbering in use among the ancients,

* It is ascribed to St. Barnabas, but there are good reasons to believe that it is spurious. See Dr. Lardner’s *Cred. of the Gospel Hist.* P. II. Vol. I. pp. 23, 30.

the Author's next business is to inquire which of these three is adopted by the Spirit of prophecy, in numbering the Beast; and in what tongue the computation is to be made. That the third species is adopted, is plain enough; but that the computation *must* be in the Greek language, does not appear so certain as Mr. C. imagines. Because in three passages in the course of the Revelation to John, the Son of God adopts the first letter and the last, of the Greek alphabet as a symbol of his own eternity, it does not therefore follow, that the name of the Beast must be computed in Greek. It may be so; but, if that Beast belong to the Latin empire, it is not improbable that it may be in *that* tongue, that his name is to be found.

In his third chapter, the Author examines the various interpretations of the number of the Beast; and shews the insufficiency of any one yet given, to solve the mystery. The word *Αριθμος*, computed thus,—Α, 30, α, 1, ς, 300, ε, 5, ι, 10, ς, 50, ο, 70, ζ, 200=666, has, from very early times, been the favourite of many; but to this he objects, first, because

‘The orthography is incorrect, for it should be written *Αριθμος*; a second objection is the impossibility of determining whether it be a substantive or an adjective; and a third is its indefinite form; for supposing it to be a substantive, we are not informed from it, what Latin is intended; and admitting it to be an adjective, we cannot determine with what substantive it is designed to be connected. For it is well known that it cannot agree with *Βεστις* the Greek word for Beast, as this word is neuter, and the adjective masculine.’

After dismissing many other Greek words and phrases as unsatisfactory, and among the rest, Hicam's *Βορυστρας*, he passes to the Hebrew, but finds nothing here at all to be approved. Latin names, and titles, and phrases, have also been proposed in great numbers. Protestants find the number 666, in *Franciscus Filius Dei*; in *Paulo V, Vice Deo*.

‘And it has been supposed, that as Linus was the first pope, as Linus will be the last, as Linus Secundus contains the precise number of 666.’

To be even with the Protestants, the Catholics have found this number in the name of Luther, affixing to it *Ductor Gregorius*, and also in *Calvinus, tristis fidei interpretes*. Every one has heard of Dr. Potter's number 25, the greatest whole number contained in the square root of 666. His book excited considerable attention when it was first published, and was thought as very ingenious, but it was all ingenious fancy, and is now nearly forgotten.

Mr. C. has brought forward for examination a great number

of words and phrases, in Greek, Hebrew, and Latin, which have been proposed for deciphering the number of the Beast.

'A considerable number of them are directed,' he remarks, 'against the pope, or his power, or the monarchies in communion with him. But notwithstanding the numerous attempts in this way, it is abundantly evident that not one of those already before the public can be legitimately produced as an absolutely unequivocal demonstration that either the Pope, or his power, is the Beast of the Apocalypse. As for those interpretations which respect Mohammed, Luther, Calvin, and others, they are all (if we except Ludovicus) so excessively defective in their orthography, or so extremely unnatural in their formation, that no reasonable person could, after a deep perusal of the prophecy, suppose any one of them to be the name or thing intended. And with respect to *Ludovicus*, a word so strenuously supported by the Rev. David Simpson, Bicheno, and others, though its orthography be correct, yet it must be allowed that its application to the French monarch Louis XIV. as at first intended, or to the whole of the French monarchs of this name, is perfectly indefinite, as there is no sufficient reason why these, more than any other of the French kings in the service of the Papacy, should be pointed out in the prophecy.'

Whether *Ludovicus* presents the true explanation of this mysterious number, we shall not take upon us to decide; yet we must acknowledge that we cannot perceive the force of Mr. C.'s objections against it, either here, or elsewhere. He objects to the computations being in the Latin language, and is very positive that it must be in Greek; but what more natural, if the monster belong to the Latin Church and kingdom, than that his name should be numbered in that tongue?

'The Papists Latinize in every thing; mass, prayers, hymns, litanies, canons, decretals, bulls, are conceived in Latin. The Papal councils speak in Latin. Women themselves pray in Latin. Nor is the Scripture read in any other language, under Popery, than Latin. In short all things are in Latin. Here then, says Mr. C. 'we have a name which completely answers in every respect to the Apocalyptic name of the Beast.' p. 47.

Yet his name must by no means be deciphered in that tongue! All this seems very strange!

We are not aware that it has been supposed that Louis the Fourteenth, or any individual monarch, was exclusively intended. Yet, were the French tyranny signified by the Second Beast, there is some reason to suppose that *LUDOVICUS*, the most prevailing name among the French monarchs, even

from Clodovæus, (called also Heudvicius, Ludovicus, Ludicm, and Clovis*) considered by some as the founder of the kingdom of the Franks†, would be employed in the prophecy, rather than any other name of the French monarchs in the service of the Papacy.

That peculiar politico-ecclesiastical constitution, which long distinguished the Gallican Church and tyranny from those of each of the other monarchies of the Beast's empire, and which made it something like a Papacy within a Papacy, at once independent, and yet a support, of the Roman monster, makes the hypothesis respecting France, as signified by the second Beast, not so groundless as may at first sight appear. And if there be sufficient reasons for suspecting that France *may* be the power thus symbolized,—concerning which, however, we do not pretend to determine,—then, what supposition would be more natural than that LUDOVICUS may be the *name of the man* referred to, which is to designate the intended Tyranny.

We are now arrived at Mr. C.'s fourth chapter, in which he attempts to ascertain the signification of the prophetic symbol, *Beast*, and the kingdom or empire to which the number 666 is to be applied. We have here a great deal of research. Having informed his readers that a beast is the prophetic symbol for a king, and that as the Greek word *Onkelos*, used by St. John, signifies a *wild beast*, it follows that the power so represented must partake of the nature of a *wild beast*. Hence, he argues that an earthly belligerent power is evidently designed, and that

'The Beast of the Revelation'—the ten horned Beast—'is some secular power, and, consequently, the number of the Beast must be the number of the power represented by the Beast, that is to say, the name of some power now existing must contain the number 666.'

We think more is here assumed than the premises will authorize. The Beast makes war with the Saints,—he is therefore belligerent; but it does not necessarily follow that he is secular. Many think that his power is of a spiritual kind. Nor is it certain that the number of the Beast *must* be the number of the name of some power; all that seems

* Universal Anc. Hist. Vol. 17. p. 275. Mod. History, Vol. 19. p. 178.

† In the year 486, when he passed the Rhine, and, defeating Syagrius, put an end to the Roman power in Gaul.

certain is, that it is *the number of a man, or of a man's name*. The reader will perceive that Mr. C. applies the number 666, not only to the *second*, but to the *first* Beast. Whether this application of the number is correct may be doubted.

The great object of this chapter is to discover some empire, kingdom, or power, the name of which (in Greek) expressed in the most simple mode, after the manner of the Greeks in definitely naming a power, shall contain the number 666. He has given the names and the numerical amount of the letters which each contains, of more than four hundred kingdoms and states; but in no one of them, nor in any other that he is able to discover, is the number to be found, but in 'Η Λατίνη βασιλεία,' 'The Latin kingdom.'—Nor is the number to be found in any form whatsoever, which has been used by the Greeks to express the names of the powers mentioned. He therefore concludes that as

'It has been proved that the Beast is *some kingdom*; and the passage in the sixteenth chapter of the Revelation has been produced in which the very term βασιλεία, or kingdom, is applied to the dominion of the Beast, the kingdom therefore can be no other than 'Η Λατίνη βασιλεία, 'The Latin kingdom.'

It is thus numbered Η, 8, Λ, 30, α, 1, τ, 300, ι, 10, ς, 50, ς, 8, Ε, 2, α, 1, σ, 200, ι, 10, λ, 30, ι, 5, ι, 10, α, 1. = 666.

'Having thus demonstrated,' he says, 'that 666 is a distinguishing character of the Beast from an inexpugnable body of evidence, it will now be necessary to examine whether the description of the Beast corresponds exactly with the history of the Latin empire; and that it does even in the minutest tittle, will I trust be fully evident to every person who carefully examines the contents of the following chapters.'

In the fifth chapter we have an exposition of the vision of the "Woman" and the "Dragon." For this unexpected transition the Author offers the following apology.

'It may seem strange, at first sight, that I should here leave the general subject of this work, and make a digression upon the twelfth chapter of the Revelation: but the reader's surprise will immediately vanish, when he is informed, that the proper understanding of the Beast is so intimately connected with that of the dragon, that they cannot be satisfactorily explained independently of each other.' He adds, 'In fact, a great portion of the chapter now under consideration, has been generally misunderstood; and this has arisen principally from supposing the heads of the dragon and the beast were the same: a supposition which will in the following pages be proved to be without foundation.'

We are not disposed to withhold the tribute of praise which is due to the learned ingenuity of the respectable Author, but we must confess that we have read this chapter with less satisfaction than any other part of his work; and though 'the proper understanding of the beast is so intimately connected with that of the dragon, that they cannot be satisfactorily explained independently of each other;' yet we do not think that the symbols, and general signification of the different scenic representations in this chapter, will be much better understood for his laboured explanation. His mistake on the subject appears so radical and fatal, that whenever the Dragon crosses his path, throughout the whole progress of his Dissertation, the discordance and entanglement of his system, and the embarrassment in his mind, are manifest. The Woman doubtless represents the Christian Church; and the Dragon is the symbol of the Roman Empire, power, or government. This, at least, seems as near the truth as any of our commentators, we believe, have ever approached; but that the "Man-child" which the Woman brings forth, is Constantine, that the Dragon is not the representation of the Roman Empire, but of the *Heathen* Roman empire only, and, must therefore be the representation of the *religion* of this empire, and not at all a symbol of the Roman Empire after the abolition of Paganism, as the established religion of the empire, we cannot admit.

That in the first compartment of the Dragon scene it is the *Heathen* Roman Empire *exclusively* that is represented, may be allowed; but we cannot agree with Mr. Clarke, that it was not the identical monster, though somewhat changed in character, which pursued the woman into the wilderness, and there persecuted her and her seed for "a time and times and half a time;" which gave to the Beast his power, and his seat, and great authority; out of whose mouth also, the unclean spirits like frogs proceed to go "forth unto the kings of the earth to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty;" and which is at the great consummation to be cast into the lake of fire. There appears not even the shadow of a foundation in support of the notion, that the Dragon, as it elsewhere appears, 'must allude to the restoration of one of the dragonic heads of the Beast,' (p. 261.) or to 'the civil power that was sometimes exerted against the Christians out of the bounds of the empire,' (p. 162.) or to 'the Pagans that remained in the empire, after the established religion was Christian.' (p. 167.) Nor is there the satisfactory proof which is supposed, that the seven heads of the Dragon are not the same as the seven

heads of the Beast. It might rather be supposed that they are so, even though the heads of one may be subject to some accidental changes, which may not affect the other.

But whatever be signified by the heads and horns, it is clear that a seven headed monster is intended to symbolize the Roman Empire, or something originally and essentially connected with it from its rise to its fall. To those who do not admit that the Dragon is *the representation of the religion of the Heathen Roman Empire*, exclusively, the whole argument on this head will appear entirely inconclusive.

‘First, The heads of the Dragon and the Beast cannot be the same, because the Beast is the Latin empire, and the Dragon the *Heathen Roman Empire*. Secondly, The Angel informs John that the sixth head of the Beast was subsisting in his time, by which is meant the sixth form of government, as shall presently appear, but the form of government of the *Heathen Roman Empire* existing in St. John’s time, was the same which it had when Paganism ceased to be the religion of the empire; consequently the imperial power must have been the last head of the Dragon, &c.’ pp. 135—137.

The question is also thus taken for granted in several other important propositions which we cannot notice.

The seven heads of this representation of the religion of the *Heathen Roman Empire*, the Author makes to be the Regal power, the Consulate, the Dictatorship, the Decemvirate, the Consular power of the Military Tribunes, the Triumvirate, and the Imperial government. p. 138.

The ten horns of the Dragon he makes to be,

‘1. The kingdom of the Huns; 2. Of the Ostrogoths. 3. Of the Visigoths. 4. Of the Franks. 5. Of the Vandals. 6. Of the Sueves and Alans. 7. Of the Burgundians. 8. Of the Heruli, Rugii, Scyrri, and other tribes which composed the Italian kingdom of Odoacer. 9. Of the Saxons. 10. Of the Lombards.’

But how, the reader may well ask, could these kingdoms be the horns of the Dragon, when that monster signifies the *Heathen* religion of the Roman Empire, and these kingdoms did not arise till nearly two centuries after the Empire became Christian?

‘First, they may be considered as horns of the Dragon, because they were founded by great hosts of *Heathen* barbarous nations, which at first threatened the utter subversion of Christianity. Secondly, They were horns of the Dragon because it was the Roman monarchy in its seventh dragonic form of Government, which was dismembered by the barbarians.’

This is far from satisfactory.

The "Tail" of the Dragon is the seventh, or last form of government in the Heathen world, viz. the Imperial power. The "stars," which the Dragon drew with his tail and cast down to the earth, represent the whole body of Pagan priests, who were the stars, or lights of the Heathen world. The "third part of the stars," which he drew with his tail and cast down to the earth, means that the Heathen Roman Empire draweth to his side the third part of the priests or ministers; the religious world being, in the time of St. John, divided into three grand branches, viz. the Christian, the Jewish, and the Heathen or Pagan world; and as neither Jews nor Christians were the advocates of the Dragon's idolatry, it is the whole Heathen world which is drawn after him, &c. &c.

Should a second edition of this work be called for, we would advise Mr. C. to reconsider this part of it particularly; for the whole of his argument respecting the Dragon scene, is very unsatisfactory, and by no means equal, either in harmony or rationality, to what precedes it, or to what follows it.

(To be concluded in our next Number.)

Art. XI. *A Sermon*, occasioned by the Death of Mr. John West, Founder of the Chapelry of Gawcott, near Buckingham: To which is prefixed, a Short Memoir. By Thomas Scott, Jun. A.M. First Minister of the said Chapelry. 12mo. pp. 68. price 1s. 6d. Seeley. 1815.

THE 'Short Memoir' prefixed to this Sermon, is highly interesting. Mr. West appears to have been a person of no ordinary character, and the circumstances under which he at length succeeded in accomplishing his benevolent object, no less than the purity of his motives, entitle him to affectionate veneration. Mr. Scott has selected as an appropriate motto for the 'Title-page—'He loveth our Nation, and he hath built us a Synagogue.'

Of the opposition which the Founder of Gawcott Chapelry met with from the Vicar of Buckingham, our readers will entertain but one opinion. Mr. West had, at one time, nearly come to a resolution to give up the Chapel into the hands of the Dissenters.

'Perhaps nothing,' observes Mr. Scott, 'could have been devised more calculated to shake his attachment to the established church, than the difficulties which were now thrown in the way of a design, so

clearly calculated to promote the glory of God and the good of man, by one of the ministers of his own church; and deriving his power, thus to impede the progress of it, from the constitution of the church itself.'

In this respect, Mr. Scott remarks, the various bodies of Dissenters possess a decided advantage over those who belong to the Church:

'An advantage which they fail not to improve in a degree, which may justly excite the alarm of those who are convinced that the Establishment is the grand support of true religion in this country.'

Surely, unless the religion of Dissenters be a different religion from that of the Church of England, and therefore, in the estimation of the members of the Establishment, not the true religion, one is at a loss to conceive how the superior advantages of Dissenters can justify this alarm, or how a Church thus constituted, and impeded by its own jealous laws in the extension of its influence, can be considered as 'the grand support of true religion.'

'I know of no more distressing sight,' continues Mr. Scott, 'to a pious mind, than that of such a village on the sabbath-day, when young and old, being released from the employments of the week, seem to vie with each other in shewing that, "they have no fear of God before their eyes."—How grievous is it, that under such circumstances the power should exist, in the hands of a single individual, of frustrating the pious and generous intentions of those, who would sacrifice their property for the sake of affording, to such wretched beings, an opportunity of hearing the words of eternal life. And that, too, merely because he imagines, that his interest or his importance may be affected, by the introduction of another clergyman, into a parish, of which, he must feel, that he cannot perform the continually increasing duties. It is melancholy, thus to see the fences of the church employed to intrench the kingdom of darkness.' pp. 23, 24.

'It becomes, indeed, daily, a question of more and more importance to the church of England. In the ten years included in the last *census*, the returns laid before parliament, give an increase of more than a *million and a half* of inhabitants in Great Britain: but where has been the correspondent increase in the means of religious instruction? Certainly not in the establishment. Few new churches have been erected. No fresh funds appropriated, for supporting a greater number of clergymen. No facilities granted, to the pious individuals, who would be willing to build and endow churches, if they might but retain the nomination of the ministers in their own hands. In short, it seems as if it were universally agreed, that this vast accession to the population of the country, should be given into

the hands of the dissenters, or be confined to a state of heathenish ignorance: just as though the church of England, were absolutely incapable of an adequate extension.' p. 25.

If we have any quarrel with such members of the Establishment as Mr. Scott, it is, that with this knowledge, and with these views, they do not cordially rejoice in the progress of religious liberty, and in the prevalence of religious zeal among the Dissenters, as a national benefit of incalculable importance. But with such men as Mr. Scott we will have no quarrel.

The remarks on *death-bed experiences*, suggested by the last hours of Mr. West, are particularly judicious: and both the Memoir and the Sermon, abound with valuable instruction.

Art. XII. *Christ the Light of the World*. A Sermon preached in the Gaelic Chapel, Hatton Garden, before the Corresponding Board of the Society in Scotland, for propagating Christian Knowledge in the Highlands and Islands. To which are subjoined, *Observations on the present State of the Highlands*. By the Rev. Daniel Dewar, of the College Church of Aberdeen. pp. 80. 8vo. price 2s. Black and Co. 1814.

THIS Discourse has a particular claim upon the attention of the Christian public, not only on account of its merit as a composition, but as communicating important and authentic information with respect to the present religious state of the Highlands. The Author's statements are founded on his own personal observation; and as he seems to have possessed the best facilities for investigating the subject, they cannot fail to produce in the mind of every sincere Christian mingled sentiments of surprise and sorrow. Scarcely could it be credited, were not the authority on which it is stated most unquestionable, that at the present moment there are large tracts in which neither schools for the education of youth nor pastors for the administration of Christian ordinances are found, and where the occasional visits of assistant preachers, or catechists, are, 'like angel visits, few and far between';—that this utter destitution of the means of private and public instruction exists in a country which has been favoured above almost every other, with a system of parochial education, from the period of the Reformation to the present time;—that this ignorance prevails, notwithstanding the efforts of an incorporated and endowed Society which has existed nearly a century, whose professed object has been to propagate Christian knowledge among the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. It seems that there are parishes of sixty miles extent, under the pastoral care of one solitary clergyman.

who is seldom able to visit the distant parts of his cure, more than twice or thrice in a year.

‘ The nature of some parishes, even of moderate extent, which are either intersected by lakes, rivers, and arms of the sea, or separated by inaccessible rocks and mountains, excludes the inhabitants from the benefit of the parochial church and school therein established. When it is considered that, from these circumstances, many thousands have no access at all to the sacred ordinances, and that, to great numbers of those who have occasional access, the opportunities are extremely rare, is it surprising, that gross ignorance so generally prevails? Or, that a people thus destitute of the means of Christian knowledge, should frequently fall an easy prey to the insidious arts of the restless emissaries of the church of Rome?’ pp. 60, 61.

‘ How laborious, for example, is the charge assigned to the minister of Small Isles! Once a month he has to travel over a very stormy sea, to preach to a part of his flock, a distance of sixty miles, before he can return to his own house. How very disadvantageous are the circumstances in which the minister and the flock of such a parish are situated! When our strength and opportunities are inadequate to the full execution of the task assigned us, the consciousness of our inability has a tendency to repress our exertions, and even diminish the quantity of labour which could otherwise be easily performed.” p. 66.

But of all the melancholy facts stated in the Appendix to this Discourse, none occasioned so deep a feeling of regret, as the following picture of the once celebrated, but now deserted island of Iona.

‘ This island, which contains near three hundred souls, and which was once so instrumental in other ages in enlightening the British isles with the knowledge of salvation, is itself without a church, or a Christian minister. It is included in the parish of Kilfinichan, and is entitled to receive *four sermons a year* from the parish minister. How melancholy is the reverse which this island, that continued for so long a time sacred to religion and learning, has thus experienced!’ p. 69.

With every possible sentiment of respect for these worthy diocesan pastors, we cannot forbear to express a hope that ere long some zealous Christian missionary, animated by the spirit and energetic piety of a Whitfield, may be impelled to go over, and supply their lack of service.

We are not so sanguine as the Author of this Discourse, respecting the beneficial effects of an augmentation of the resources of the Church of Scotland, by appropriating ‘ a hundred and twenty thousand pounds out of the public treasury, to the build-

' ing of churches and manses, and the purchasing of glebes for
 ' twenty new parishes to be erected in the Highlands of Scotland.
 We have however no objection to the experiment being made,
 but we greatly fear that though these complaints were urged
 with all the honest warmth of Highland sensibility, they would
 not be likely to obtain from government any portion of the
 thousands so liberally voted away for objects of far less national
 importance.

We had intended to give some extracts from Mr. Dewar's
 Sermon, but our limits forbid. The style will remind our
 readers of Mr. Alison's Sermons. We regret that we have
 not taken an earlier opportunity of recommending it to public
 attention.

Art. XIII. *Third Annual Report of the Committee of the Southwark
 Auxiliary Bible Society*, submitted to the General Meeting held
 at the Horns Tavern, Kennington, April 18, 1815. With an
 Appendix, detailing the Progress and Effects of the Twelve Bible
 Associations of Southwark. (Published for the Benefit of the
 Society.) 8vo. pp. 140. Price 2s. 6d. Low; Seeley; &c

IN a former volume we noticed the second Report of this in-
 defatigable Committee; and in our review of Mr. Chalmers's
 pamphlet,* we entered at some length into the important be-
 nefits resulting from Bible Associations. All that the most
 sanguine benevolence could anticipate from their operation, ap-
 pears to have been realized by the silent perseverance with which
 the members of the Southwark Auxiliary Society, and of
 several Associations, have continued to follow up their well-
 organized system. The publication of their former Report
 produced, we have reason to believe, a very strong impression.
 The simplicity of arrangement and facility of application, which
 characterize the system itself, and the vast sum of moral be-
 nefit resulting from its adoption, have led very extensively to
 the formation of similar institutions in Great Britain, upon
 the model of the Southwark Societies. The Committee state
 in their Report, that

' Under a conviction that it was their bounden duty to extend the
 knowledge of the system still further, and persuaded that every man
 should be tried to elevate the tone of moral and religious feeling
 throughout the labouring classes of Society in the Sister Kingdom,
 your Committee voted seventy-five copies of their last Annual Re-

Third Report of the Southwark Bible Society. 303

port to the Hibernian Bible Society, and it has afforded them no common satisfaction to learn that several Bible Associations have been already formed in Ireland, with every prospect of success.'

It is subsequently added, that in consequence of the extensive demand which the general desire for information occasioned, for the former Report, they were induced to republish, in a cheaper form, such parts of it as related to Associations, and two considerable editions of these extracts have been liberally and extensively circulated.

'The effects of this measure have not been confined to our native country.' 'Considerable progress has been made in the formation of Bible Associations in Holland, Belgium, and Russia.'

The details contained in the present Report are no less interesting and animating. Nearly £1800 were received during the last year, (ending March 31, 1815,) from the Twelve Bible Associations; and no fewer than 3,433 Bibles, and 691 Testaments, were distributed during that period, within their respective districts. The Report of the Committee of one of these Associations states,

'That more than 550 families (within the District of St. Saviour's and St. Thomas's) have been regularly visited; a few of them indeed only once or twice; some of them three or four times; others of them twelve times; but by far the greater part of them fifty times, in the course of the year; and that 24,000 visits have been thus made to the habitations of the poor, since your last Anniversary.'

This, be it observed, is the report of a single Association, and is to be taken as an item only, in the vast amount of moral and physical exertion to which this system has given birth and perpetual impulse. The Committee alluded to, accompany this report with the following remarks.

'They have been induced to enter into this minute detail,—that they may not be told, as other Committees have been told, at the houses where they have ventured to call, in order to solicit subscriptions—that the poor do not want Bibles,—that they are already glutted with them;—or that, should there be found individuals, who thus betray their ignorance of the state of the poor, or perhaps seek excuses for their own neglect of them, by persevering in such assertions, the judgement may be taken out of *their* hands, and placed in *yours*;—that you who hear this report, and those who afterwards read it, may be the future arbiters in this cause, and determine whether they who constantly visit the abodes of sin and wretchedness—who extend these inquiries and their investigations to the schools, to the manufactories, to every garret, and every cellar, within their district—whether they, or persons who sit at home and never make

304 *Third Report of the Southwark Bible Society.*

one feeling inquiry, never ask one serious question, never take any pains either to be rightly informed, or to be undeceived, are best qualified to decide this momentous question.' p. 82.

It appears, indeed, from the Report of the Committee of the Auxiliary Society itself, that at least *twenty thousand* individuals, within its extensive district, still remain to be supplied. On an inquiry instituted by one of the Secretaries, it was ascertained that about 15,000 Roman Catholics, and about 2000 of the Jewish persuasion, are resident within the district occupied by the Southwark Bible Society; and it is estimated that nearly *one fourth* of the labouring classes are *annually replaced*, in consequence of those removals to which they are peculiarly subjected. If to this important fact we add the consideration of the fresh demands for Bibles, which Sunday Schools must continually produce,—and these unhappily do not as yet include the bulk of the children of the lower classes,—and if we also take into account the constant wear and *tear* of the books distributed, which will necessarily produce an annual waste, to be likewise supplied,—it will be sufficiently evident, that even were it the exclusive purpose of the Association to furnish Bibles to the poor of its particular district, there would exist no pretence for the relaxing of its activity at any remote period, on the ground of its having no longer occasion or scope for its exertions. It has been the effect of the Bible Associations, indeed, to *create* a demand for the Bibles they have been the means of distributing, by awakening the sense of moral want among the lower classes; but as we have seen that this demand, even where it has risen to the greatest height, has fallen very far short of the real *wants* of the population, and as the supply must be uniformly regulated not by the wants of the poor, but by the demand created, we must deprecate any such relaxation of active zeal on the part of the Associations, as tending in itself to lessen not the real need, but only the obvious occasion for exertion. So far are Bible Associations from being of *temporary* importance.

We have said that the supply must be regulated not by the wants of the population, but by the actual demand. The beneficial effects of Bible Associations are strikingly evinced by this consideration. Any attempt to go beyond this demand by a gratuitous and indiscriminate supply of the Scriptures, would be of injurious tendency; but upon the plan now so generally adopted, of distributing the Scriptures among the lower classes by their own agency, the demand and the supply are made to keep pace with each other, and the re-

tivity of the agents has been experimentally proved to have the power of a stimulus regulating both.

We have no room for the insertion of the extracts we designed to make from the very interesting mass of information given in the Appendix. We regret this the less, because, how tangible and popular soever these facts may be in themselves;—however faithfully reported and carefully received; (on which head we entertain no doubts;)—interesting, too, and encouraging as they must be to the individuals who witnessed such proofs of the success of their labours;—we rest little of our arguments and none of our principles upon them. It is indeed a very important fact, as stated in the Report, that

‘The Churches (within the District) have been *better* filled and more regularly attended since the establishment of the Southwark Bible Society,—that their congregations not only progressively *increase*, but improve in habits of decorum and propriety of conduct,—and that amongst them there are many individuals who have been awakened to a sense of their religious duties through their connexion with its Bible Associations.’

One might almost be tempted to ask whether those persons did not read or did not believe the Scriptures, who entertained apprehensions of a different result. The only unpleasant consequence, as the Committee justly remark, to be apprehended from the universal establishment of similar Associations, is, ‘that *every place* opened for Christian worship will be found insufficient to accommodate those who are desirous to attend.’

But as to all minor details of the effects connected with such Associations, they are pleasing and animating, but they are not necessary as reasons for perseverance, nor as proofs of the duty of unwearied exertion in the great cause of the universal distribution of the Holy Scriptures. As a revelation from God, in which every individual of the human race is equally and personally interested, we dare not connive at its being withheld from any one, and we dare not doubt its efficacy.

Art. XIV. *Travels in South Africa*, undertaken at the Request of the Missionary Society. By John Campbell, Minister of Kingsland Chapel. 8vo. pp. 582. Price 12s. Large Paper, 18s. Sold by the Author, at his House in Shacklewell, and by Black and Parry, &c. &c. 1815.

(Concluded from Page 157.)

MR. C. made, during his sojourn at Lattakoo, every proper effort to collect information concerning the inhabitants still

further in the interior; and he has enumerated many nations or tribes, with brief notices respecting the strength, character, and habits, of several of them. The Wanketzens, whose city Melita is five or six days' journey from Lattakoo, make a very considerable figure, and have an additional prominence from the circumstance of being the murderers of Dr. Cowan and his attendants, who had been sent from the Cape on an expedition of discovery. Mr. C. received the most unquestionable evidence, and some of the details of this fact, which appeared to have produced a great sensation through a wide extent of country. The party discovered, on the first day of their residence at Lattakoo, that the visit was very strongly suspected by the inhabitants, of being upon some design of revenge, in which even they might be involved, inasmuch that it was afterwards learned that numbers had quitted the city under this apprehension. Prompt measures were taken by Mr. C. to obviate this suspicion. The Wanketzens and their chief were represented and proved to be systematically treacherous and cruel, the plunder and destruction of foreigners, most especially of whites, being a perfectly established principle of their policy. With all the violence of revenge, Mr. C. threatens them with a Mission at no distant time; a fate from which there is no insuring even that nation of Cannibals to the existence of which somewhere to the N.E. he had the concurring testimony of the Matchappees, Hottentots, and Bushmen, an evidence of no contemptible force, when it is considered how very extensive are the hunting or plundering excursions of the Bushmen and the Bootchuana tribes,—for this last is the comprehensive denomination of the Lattakoo and a great many other such states. The plundering and murdering expedition above alluded to as performed, and with such delight related, by one of the highest of the nobility of Lattakoo, was an active career of no less than ten months' duration.

Eleven Matchappees undertook to accompany our Author's guides in a progress he determined to make a considerable way to the east, and he took leave, under marks of sensibility and kindness, of Mateebe and his city, in which it is eminently worthy of record that not the slightest theft was practised or attempted on any part of the property of the travellers, with the single exception of a button or two from the clothes of one of the servants, and for this the detected culprit was driven and beaten ignominiously out of the square.

Mr. C. has yet a long journey to make, through which any attempt to attend him regularly would be an utter violation of all the rules of proportion by which we ought to hold ourselves bound. Our lame faculty of despatch will be aided by the attenuation of interest in the sequel of the journal, as compared

with the description of the lively scenes of Lattakoo. It is not only as exhibiting a greater assemblage of genuine Africans than is to be seen in any situation nearer the Cape, that this city so forcibly attracts and detains attention; it has a great additional interest from the consideration that here we seem to come in contact with the grand interior population of the continent; we see the first out-post of an immense encampment. The imagination much more eagerly goes forward from this point than from the Cape, towards the vast unknown central region. Mr. C. anticipates with his usual confidence the gradual and rather speedy penetration, by means of missionaries, of the southern tracts of this enormous space. We cordially wish he may live to receive missionary despatches written in the shade of a grove at the equator, or in a booth at the base or on a slope of the great mountains of Kumri, or at the real source of the Nile. That such despatches will come there is no doubt, whoever is destined to read them.

A very large portion of the several hundreds of leagues which our party had yet to travel, lay through tracts of that most perfect kind of desert to which so large a part of Africa is doomed to the end of time, that is, movable sand. It must truly be dreary almost to horror to labour day after day through this most dread and hideous kind of waste, the progress heavy and slow, no water sometimes for several days together, the draught cattle toiling painfully on while pining with hunger and thirst, now and then one of them lying down totally exhausted, and left to perish; and all the while the burning heat of the sky fiercely reflected by the ground, and no one circumstance in all the elements to alleviate the effect of a temperature of more than a hundred degrees of the thermometer—unless a chill night following such a day may be called relief. The reader regrets, however vainly, that there is no sinking a fair half, or perhaps a larger proportion, of this whole continent under the sea, so as to leave just the parts of which Nature, not to say Man, might make some use, in the form of a vast group of islands, in all possible diversities of shape, and size, and relation to one another. But who shall ensure that the remaining duration of the planet will be long enough for so prodigious a change in its physical state to be worth while? While the devout traveller regards it as awaiting those last and potent fires of which the scorching heat he suffers may serve to remind him, he will care little that wide tracts of it appear so dreary and useless; he will but little regret that it is not the charms of Eden he beholds doomed to that conflagration.

From Lattakoo Mr. C. advanced in an easterly direction about 150 miles, to an inhabited position named Malapectzee, and to

a kraal of Bushmen in the neighbourhood. This was his remotest reach from the Cape. He thence returned in a south-west direction, to cross his former route at Klaar Water, a Griqua town, in order to accompany the course of the Great River nearly to the Atlantic Ocean before he should make a direct return towards Cape Town. Among the remarkable incidents in the journey to Griqua town, was the falling in with once a brace of lions, and twice a number of that strange animal the giraffe, or camelopardalis, or, as Mr. C. writes it, the camel-leopard. It was indeed only one of the men, advanced somewhat a-head of the waggons, that saw the lions. He came on them suddenly, and had the fortitude to stand firmly looking at them, till, at the great noise of the approaching waggons, they chose to move away. Our Author asserts, we presume much too generally, that 'so long as you can steadily look a lion in the face, he will not attack you.' The giraffes were in the one instance to the number of eleven in a herd; in the other their height is noticed, as being probably, at the head, eighteen feet from the ground. They are harmless and timid animals, and flee at the approach of man.

Several beautiful scenes occurred in the route to Griqua town, one which he 'considered as superior to any thing he had seen in Africa, or any other country,' and another which he declares to surpass by far the heaven described by Mahomet. The Griquas, during his short stay among them, were induced to accept a brief code of laws; and their simplicity and good dispositions could leave no doubt of the sincerity of their engagement to obey them. A practical subjection to civil and moral institutes must certainly imply a state of mind very much reclaimed from the general condition of the Pagans in South Africa, as exhibited in the following, as well as in many similar descriptions. The passage we quote follows upon the remark that insanity is a complaint almost unknown among the natives of those regions:

'May this be ascribed to their complete exemption from the care of life, both as it respects the present and the future world? They can sleep as soon, and as sound, when they have not a morsel to eat as when their bags are full of food. They calculate no time, consequently have no care respecting old age, never connecting death with the length of time they may have lived: and even if they do so connect it, little uneasiness would follow, for, like the French philosophers in the mad days of Robespierre, they consider death as an eternal sleep.'

Of one of the Coranna kraals it is observed that, as they abounded in cattle,

'The people seemed to have nothing to do but, like their dogs, to lie squat upon the grass, enjoying the sunshine till the next meal. It is heart-rending to see so many clever-looking young people having nothing either to do or to learn; their parents having no more to inform them of than the cattle have to tell their young.'

As to that hardest of mortal toils, the exertion of thought, ages must probably pass away before any considerable portion of the sable population can be disciplined and forced up to a habit of such labour. It excites at once the risible and the sympathetic feelings to hear our Author's account of a piece of Egyptian oppression he practised on the minds of a small selection of them.

'I invited three well informed Hottentots into my tent, who had been in Caffreland, in order to obtain as much additional information as I could respecting that people. Having about sixty questions written, I proposed these in their order. When we had got about half through the list, the Hottentots feeling themselves greatly fatigued by the effort of mind which the answers required, begged that what remained might be put off to another time, upon which our company broke up.' p. 143.

A few stages to the west of Griqua-town the party found themselves among mountains abounding with asbestos.

'Some of us walked after breakfast to examine the asbestos rocks, where we found plenty of that rare mineral, between strata of rocks. That which becomes, by a little beating, soft as cotton, is all of Prussian blue. When ascending a mountain alone I found some of the colour of gold, but not soft, or of a cotton texture like the blue; some I found white, and brown, and green, &c. Had this land been known to the ancients in the days of imperial Rome, many a mercantile pilgrimage would have been made to the Asbestos mountains in Griqua-land. A considerable portion of it is used in making the roads. It is very remarkable that it is called by the Griquas, *handkerchief-stone*.'

The Bushmen do not neglect to infest, with their positions or incursions, the tracts contiguous, on the south side, to the Great River, very far along its course to the west, indeed even to its mouth; but the Corannas seem to have a trifle more of something like proprietorship, though they seem far enough from being ambitious of leaving any proud time-defying monuments of their possession, their only structures being the wretched huts which it would amuse a few of our mischievous school-boys to beat down with sticks. They are of the shape of half an orange, placed with the flat side down, and are, at the highest part, if we may judge by a little etching given by our Author, about the height of a man; an elevation as em-

blematical, it seems, of the stature of their minds, as commensurate to that of their bodies. One of the more considerable of their kraals is thus described :

‘They neither sow nor plant, but depend entirely on their cattle for subsistence; of course, having no labour to engage their attention, it is probable they sleep away the greater part of their life. They appear to be a dull, gloomy, and indifferent people. Our arrival seemed to make no impression on any mind, except in producing a little curiosity; and they were as indifferent about our departure, as if they had said, you may come, or stay, or go; it is the same to us. They are so immured in the heart of this great continent, that probably none of them have heard of any sea. At our departure, a few women and children went to the top of some rising ground, and witnessed our moving along, but with a dull, unmeaning stare.’

The mansions we have adverted to are all alike throughout the whole tribe, and the same thing was observed in other tribes.

‘If you see only one Matchappee, Coranna, or Bushman’s house, you see an identical pattern of every house belonging to that particular nation. As birds of the same kind build their nests exactly alike, so do the different African tribes, hardly ever differing in size.’

The party crossed to the south of the Great River, and never crossed it again. We have lively descriptions of the surprising dryness of the air, the melancholy and even horrid aspect of the sandy deserts, and of the silence so intense as to give sometimes an impression of awfulness. Between plains of sand and a sky bright and cloudless for month after month without interruption, the toil and suffering of the cattle may be, though very imperfectly, imagined. To our Author they were, as to any man of proper sensibility they would have been, objects of extreme commiseration, when, as often happened, at the end of an exhausting day they were condemned to lie down without water or grass, or any manner of sustenance. If there be a possibility of contriving, without inconvenient bulk and a grievous addition of weight, any sort of provision of which a very small portion given to the draught-cattle would refresh them in such oppressive stages, it ought to be held an indispensable prerequisite to entering these desolate and blasted regions. To the best of our recollection it is not quite sufficiently explained why somewhat more advantage was not gained from the vicinity of the Great River; excepting at one part, where an enormous assemblage of rocks, extending to a considerable distance from it, precludes all approach of such a caravan. At this point our Author, accompanied by Mr. Read and

several others, made an excursion from the encampment to the river, induced by a report of the natives that a great cataract is there to be seen. They did not find it; but they beheld a scene of extraordinary grandeur, in passing among rocks resembling mountains of iron, and at last seeing the river making its way through several rocky channels, cut down to a stupendous depth.

'We observed many parts of the river in these chasms, which in the rainy season, when it is swelled, must have a most terrific appearance, from the quick descent among huge rocks; and being so far beneath the surface whence it is viewed, it must be one of the grandest scenes imaginable. But at such a season it is probable that no human eye has yet seen it, the country being without inhabitants.' p. 398.

Eyes, however, of more formidable and hardly less intelligent glare, are often cast on the objects in this vicinity; for it was not far hence that nine lions presented themselves to the view of the party in one afternoon.

The labours were a little while suspended at Pella, a missionary station, but really a very miserable one, in point of locality, in little Namacqua-land. This was about the westernmost point of the expedition, and at the distance of perhaps less than a hundred miles from the exit of the Orange River into the Atlantic. Hence the route was directed in nearly a straight line to the Cape, keeping the distance of about two days' journey from the coast.

At Pella every inquiry was made respecting the people of great Namacqua-land, lying north of the Orange or Great River; and the result is a brief account of various silly and barbarous customs, some of them partaking of superstition. The names were obtained and are given of their various tribes.

A large portion of the journal from Pella to the Cape is a description still of those unrelenting sands, sands so triumphant over the elements subsidiary to life, (except air, which, too, sometimes seemed as if mingled with flame,) that in one instance the oxen dragged the waggons, if we rightly understand our Author, *ninety* miles without water!* And then, when there is a little spot propitious to life, it is life of the worst kind that most avails itself of it. For example:

* Silver Fountain, Sept. 28th. Mrs. Sass remarked to me that though the preservation of children in London, who are exposed

* The map does not quite correspond to this measurement.

to so many carts and carriages, is considered a remarkable providence, yet that here divine providence is still more remarkable for almost every fly, and every insect that crawls upon the ground is furnished with poison, and they are often creeping about children while rolling on the ground, yet they are very seldom stung by them. "For example," said she, "the scorpion is perhaps the most venomous of all creatures, yet lately, in the course of one month we found twelve scorpions in our house, under stones which supported our chests; and once we found a centipede (or creature with a hundred feet) in our bed, which is very venomous." p. 451.

The missionary's wife, the excellent Mrs. Sass, who had no other apparent indisposition than a tooth-ach at the time of our Author's arrival, died in less than three days afterward.

In this and several other parts of his journey, Mr. C. takes occasion to express, with deserved emphasis, a grateful admiration of the heroic self-devotement displayed by the missionaries who, after being brought up in Europe, can be content to spend and labour out their lives in such moral and physical scenes as many of those in Africa. Take one of the physical attractions of Namacqua-land for an illustration.

'We were told that it frequently happens, after rain, that so many serpents come out of their holes that it is very difficult to walk without treading on them.'

But it is possible to commit excess in recounting the infestations even of Africa. Among them our Author repeatedly names tigers;—on what authority? There is no mention, we believe, of any such animal being seen by himself or any of his attendants; nor are there any legends of rencounters with them, while there are so many entertaining anecdotes of lions. The imperial tribe, shall they attribute it to the pacific or the cowardly disposition of our Christian party of adventurers, that not one individual of their high fraternity fell a victim to the offensive powers of armed reason? Let them not be informed that the forbearance practised toward their formidable race was *not* experienced by the deer tribe—a fact strongly analogous to the procedure of human justice all the moral world over.

Arrived within the colony of the Cape, they stopped at the house, or 'Place' of Mrs. Vandervesthuis, who well remembered the noted Frenchman Vaillant's having taken his station at her house, from which she said he was 'never more than ten days absent when he went further up the country, and these he spent among the Kamis mountains opposite, seeking birds, stones, and flowers, which appeared to her very idle employment.' To all the pretty incidents in the traveller's history

it seems he forgot to add the one which would have made a prettier figure than all the rest.

‘ Having mentioned to Mrs. Vandervesthuis that Vaillant had published an account of his travels in Africa, and had mentioned her in it, she enquired very anxiously if he had mentioned in his book that she had given him a good drubbing with a Sambuk (a kind of whip made of the skin of the sea-cow) when they were travelling together to the Cape, for speaking improperly of her daughters; but she added—Had I been alone he would have given me a drubbing too, but two of my sons were present, both stout young men.—She is a tall and still a strong woman, though in her 75th year. While speaking of Vaillant I may venture to say thus much, that though his account has much of the romantic in it, yet he gives the best account of the manners and customs of the Hottentots I have seen.’ p. 459.

Though at every step still further removed from the peculiar region of the sun’s tyranny, they had the thermometer at one time at 101, and at another at 102 when ‘completely shaded from the sun.’ He says,

‘ My silver snuff box in my pocket felt as if lately taken out of the fire, though I sat under covert of the tent; all the water was warm, and our butter turned into oil. Our dogs, though covered from the rays of the sun, lay breathing quick, with their mouths open, and their tongues hanging out, as if in a high fever. My ink, though mixed with water, got thick in a few minutes. All was silence around; the crows were walking about our waggon as if we had been all dead.’

At a station nearer the Cape, our Author has occasion to mention a ‘circuit court,’ which was proceeding round, then for the third year, to the different settlements in the colony. It was instituted by Lord Caledon, in consequence of reports of cruelties committed by the boors on the Hottentots. Mr. C. applauds the intention, and what may be called the standing orders or instructions; but remarks, with obvious justice, how very imperfectly available the institution must be so long as the Dutch law remains in force refusing to admit the evidence on oath of Hottentots.

We must now say, in one sentence, that the whole party returned to the Cape, with the exception of one man who perished by a Bushman’s poisoned arrow, and in as good health as when they set out, our Author indeed in much better; and that after several months stay at the Cape he embarked for England, touched at St. Helena, saw again the grandeur of a storm on the ocean, and in due time found himself once more, though it would require almost an effort to believe the fact, in

his pulpit in Kingsland Chapel; whence, however, (and this will express our general opinion of his book,) we do not care how soon he is again sent off to traverse some other barbarous region, in Africa or elsewhere;—we care not how soon, provided only the interval be long enough for certain moderate acquisitions in physical science, which are so eminently useful to travellers, especially in regions remote in character as in situation from our own.

There is an Appendix of considerable value, containing, as the principal articles, a collective representation of the habits and condition of the Caffres, and such information respecting Madagascar as could be drawn from the papers of a gentleman who had made it a particular object of inquiry when at the Isle of France.

Besides a handsome map and two or three neat engravings, there are several etchings, of a very humble order, but not quite incapable of assisting the reader's imagination.

ART. XV. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

Mr. Brook is preparing a Review of the Review of his *Lives of the Puritans* in the *Christian Observer*, which will be ready before the end of the month.

Speedily will be published (by Subscription) in an 8vo. volume, price 16s. boards. A Treatise on Theology: written by Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson, Author of the "Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, Governor of Nottingham Castle and Town," &c. &c. To which will be added, a letter from Mrs. Hutchinson to her Daughter, on the Principles of the Christian Religion; also the Life of Mrs. Hutchinson, written by herself; a Fragment. From the original MSS.

Preparing for immediate publication, a Scriptural and familiar Exposition of the 39 Articles, in one Vol. 12mo: by a Clergyman: in which the genuine Doctrines of the Church of England are maintained and proved by numerous references to Scripture.—The evangelical nature, practical tendency, moderate price, and convenient size of this little Work, induce the Author to hope that under the Divine blessing, it may prove generally acceptable, and promote the great purposes of pure religion, in faith, holiness, and brotherly love. Any hint or suggestion in reference to the above, addressed post paid, to A. B. Mr. Lester, Bookseller, Finsbury Pavement, London, will be thankfully received.

Preparing for the press, and expected

to form a small pocket volume, at about 5s. in boards.—"Hebrew Elements," being a grammatical analysis of the 36 verses marked with asterisks in *Levensden's Psalter*. In this publication the Hebrew text will be printed with points; the Radix of each word pointed out; a literal version in English, interlined immediately under the Hebrew; the medical sense of each word stated; and the learner directed to those rules of grammar which account for the omissions, additions, or changes of the various letters.

The Author of the Ode to the Emperor Alexander, the Battle of Nevils Cross, a Metrical Romance, &c.: is in the press, and nearly ready for publication, (in one Vol. 12mo.) History of the House of Romanof, the present Imperial Russian Dynasty; from the earliest period, to the time of Peter the Great.

The same Author is also preparing for publication; Plans for meliorating the condition of the Lower Orders of Society.

The Legend confuted, or Truth undisguised, will shortly appear.

Mr. Gompertz's New Poem, "Time, or Light and Shade," in one Volume 4to. will appear in a few days.

The Rev. John Morley, rector of Bradfield Combush, in Suffolk, will soon publish in an octavo Volume, Discourses partly Doctrinal and partly Practical.

Arthur Burrow, Esq. late Travelling Fellow to the University of Cambridge, and D. A. Commissary General in the Mediterranean, is preparing for the press, some Account of the Mediterranean, 1810 to 1815, political and scientific, literary and descriptive. The work will appear in royal quarto, with engravings; and the first volume will be chiefly confined to Sicily.

Sir F. C. Morgan, physician, is preparing for the press, Outlines of the Philosophy of Life; which has for its object the diffusion of a more general knowledge of the fundamental facts of physiology.

Mr. John Bellamy proposes to publish, by subscription, the Holy Bible,

containing the Old and New Testaments, according to the authorised version; accompanied with a new translation, and the original Hebrew and Greek Texts.

Mr. Machenry has a second edition of his improved English-Spanish Grammar nearly ready for publication.

Mr. Bradley has in Mr. Valpy's press, an edition of select parts of Ovid's Metamorphoses, with English Notes and Questions for examination, on a plan similar to that of his Entropius and Phædrus. This Work will be succeeded by Cæsar and Cornelius Nepos on the same plan.

T. Andrew, Surgeon, is preparing for the press, Lectures on Temperance and Exercise, in one small Volume, 8vo.

ART. XVI. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

BIOGRAPHY.

Wood's Athenæ Oxonienses: the History of all the Writers and Bishops who have had their Education in the University of Oxford. Very considerably augmented both in Text and Notes, and continued to the Year 1800. By Philip Bliss, Esq. Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford. Vol. II. royal quarto 4l. 4s. bds.

The Life of the most Noble Arthur Duke of Wellington. By George Elliott, Esq. 8vo. 14s. boards.

The Life and Campaigns of Field Marshal Prince Blücher. Translated in part from the German of General Count Gneisenau, Q. M. General to Prince Blücher's Army. By J. E. Marston, Esq. of the Hamburg Burger-Guard, with a fine portrait, and engraved plans, 8vo. 18s.

Observations on the Writings and on the Character of Mr. Gray. Originally subjoined to the Second Volume of the complete edition, in 1814, of all his Works in two volumes 4to. By Thomas James Mathias. cr. 8vo. 7s.

EDUCATION.

Private Education; or, a Practical Plan for the Studies of Young Ladies: with an address to Parents, Private Governesses, and Young Ladies. By Elizabeth Appleton. 12mo. 7s. 6d. boards.

Les Delassemens de la Jeunesse: Recueil de Contes, Historiettes Morales, etc. suivi de Pièces Choies de Montaigne, Pascal, La Bruyère, etc. With 12 beautiful engravings, 4 vols. 18mo. 14s. bound.

Travels at Home, and Voyages by the Fire-side; for the Instruction and Entertainment of Young Persons, 5 vols. 18mo. 15s. half-bound.

Exercises in Latin Prosody and Versification, or an Introduction to scanning and writing Latin Verse. 4s.

Hints from an Invalid Mother to her Daughter on Subjects connected with moral and religious Improvement. By Anna Williams.

HISTORY.

Toland's History of the Druids; with an Abstract of his Life and Writings; and a copious Appendix, containing Notes critical, philological, and explanatory. A new Edition. By R. Huddleston, Schoolmaster, Lunan, 8vo. 12s. boards.

A History of the British Islands, (Great Britain and the Islands that with it compose a Geographical Group) from the earliest Accounts to the Year 1807, including the French Revolution and its portentous consequences. By the Rev. James Gordon, Author of a History of Ireland, &c. &c. 4 vols. 8vo. 2l. 5s. 6d. boards.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Memoir on the Ruins of Babylon, with Engravings. By Claudius James Rich, Esq. royal 8vo. 8s.

Shakspeare's Himself Again; or, the Language of the Poet asserted: being a full but dispassionate Examen of the Readings and Interpretations of the several Editors. By Andrew Becket, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. boards.

The Second Part of the Seventh Volume of Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, 4to. 1l. 5s. boards.

POETRY.

A Collection of Ancient and Modern Scottish Ballads, Tales, and Songs; with Explanatory Notes and Observations. By John Gilchrist, 2 vols. 12mo. 12s.

Opoleyta; or, a Tale of Ind: a Poem, in Four Cantos. By Bertie Ambrose. 8vo. 9s. boards.

The Duel; a Satirical Poem, in Four Cantos; with other Poems. By L. O. Shaw; foolscap 8vo. 6s. boards.

Kenilworth, a Mask, or Three Days Entertainment, given by Lord Leicester to Queen Elizabeth; together with Farley Castle, selected from a private Edition of Mr. Liddiard's Poems. 8vo. 7s. sewed.

The Life Boat; or, Dillon O'Dwire: a Poem. By the Rev. William Liddiard. 12mo. 4s. boards.

Ode to the Dutchess of Angouleme. In 8vo. 1s. 6d.

Consolation, with other Poems. By the Reverend William Gillespie. 8vo. 12s. boards.

POLITICAL.

The First Number of La Porte-Feuille de Bonaparte, pris à Charleroi; le 18 Juin 1815. Price 1s. 6d.

Considerations on the Present Political State of India, embracing Observations on the Character of the Natives—on the State of the Land, Tenure, and the condition of the Peasantry—and the internal Police of our Eastern Dominions. By Alexander Fraser Tytler, late Assistant Judge of the 24 Pergunnahs, Bengal Establishment. 2 vols. 8vo. 18s. boards.

THEOLOGY.

Boothroyd's Hebrew Bible. Parts XV. and XVI. price 10s. demy, or 14s. royal 4to. To be completed in about 20 Parts.

An Enquiry into the Integrity of the Greek Vulgate, or Received Text of the

New Testament: in which the Greek Manuscripts are newly classed, the Integrity of the authorised Text vindicated, and the various Readings traced to their Origin. By the Rev. Frederick Nolan, A Presbyter of the United Church, 8vo. 18s. boards.

Baxteriana; containing a Selection from the Works of Baxter, with an Introduction and Index. By Arthur Young, Esq. F.R.S. &c. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

Discourses, chiefly on Practical Subjects. By the late Rev. Newcome Cappe. Edited by Catharine Cappe. 8vo. 12s. boards.

Essays on the Mythology, Theology, and Morals of the Ancients, accompanied with a brief Outline of the respective Tenets of the Grecian Sectarian Philosophers. By G. S. Weidemann. post 8vo. 7s. boards.

Hints for the use of those who visit the Sick, in Two Parts. 1. Subjects for Addresses to persons in Sickness. 2. Addresses to persons on Recovery. 6s.

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

The Traveller's New Guide through Ireland: containing a new and accurate Description of the Roads, with particulars of all the Noblemen and Gentlemen's Seats, Churches, Monastic Buildings, Antiquities, and Natural Curiosities.—Also, the present State of Agriculture, Manufactures, and Commerce, with a complete List of all Fairs throughout the Kingdom. 8vo. 1l. 1s. boards.

A Voyage to Cadiz and Gibraltar, up the Mediterranean to Malta and Sicily, in 1810 and 1811; including a descriptive Tour of Sicily and the Lipari Islands, and an Excursion in Portugal. By Lieut. Gen. G. Cockburn. With 33 coloured Plates and Maps. 2 vols. 8vo. 2l. 12s. 6d. boards; large paper, 3l. 15s.

ERRATA.

July No. Page 9. line 8, for any actual recension, read no actual.

Page 21. line 13, read + ἡ γυν.

Ibid. line 13, for derivations, read deviations.

Ibid. line 30, Insert A. C. after τῶν ἀμαρτιῶν.

Ibid. line 33, for Ibid ix. τὰς, read Ibid ii. 9. = τὰς is given, &c.

Page 38. line 7, for expected, read required.

August. No. Page 113. line 14, for intention, read intuition.

116. line 2 from bottom, for now read none.